AUG 15 1939

THE NEW
STATESMAN AND NATION

PERIODICAL ROOM GENERAL LIBRARY UNIV. OF MICH.

The Week-end Review

Vol. XVIII. No. 441 (New Series) SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, 1939 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

CONTENTS

	Page
COMMENTS	201
PEACE TERMS	203
THE PURGE AT THE COLONIAL OFFICE	204
THE DEFENCES OF THE SOVIET UNION	206
A LONDON DIARY	207
THIS ENGLAND	209
EVERYTHING IS DANGEROUS. By Y. Y.	209
PROFESSOR BERNAL REPLIES. By J. D. Bernal	210
COUNTRY NOTES. By V. Sackville-West	211
"THE IRISH PROBLEM." By Sir Alexander Lawrence	212
UNKNOWN OPERAS. By W. J. Turner	212
OUT OF SILENCE. By G. W. Stonier	213
THE MOVIES. By Cyril Connolly	214
CORRESPONDENCE	214
From Prof. A. Berriedale Keith; Ronald Kidd; St. John Ervine; G. T. Garratt; Geoffrey Reading; Sir Charles Grant Robertson; J. W. Poynter; Dr. M. Newfield.	
THE SNAKE AND THE PIGEON. By David Garnett	218
REVIEWS:	
Leonardo. By Raymond Mortimer	219
Gorki Stories. By Elizabeth Bowen	220
When Lightning Struck the Ivory Tower. By R. H. S. Crossman	222
Portrait of Germany. By K. John	223
New Novels. By John Mair	224
Sweet Girl Graduates. By Roger Fulford	226
SHORTER NOTICES	228
BOOKS TO COME. By Marie Scott-James	228
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS	228
CROSSWORD	229
THE WEEK IN THE CITY. By Dives	230

PARLIAMENT AND THE PUBLIC

TWENTY-FIVE years ago this country went to war with Germany. Then, as now, the British public entertained only the most friendly feelings towards the German people. To-day the situation is far more difficult because of the nature of Nazi rule and the obstacles to contact with the common man in Germany. Public opinion in 1914 was ignorant until a few days before war was declared of the obligations the British Government had undertaken; whole years passed before any war aims were clearly formulated or a plan for peaceful reconstruction developed. Instead we had secret treaties. To-day we are again menaced by war and have no clear declaration of the principles for which we stand; instead we have rumours of secret plans for buying off Germany. All over the country people realise that the Munich method can bring no cure for the world's misery; they know that if there is to be a settlement which is not merely a preparation for another war it must not be another triumph for Hitler to proclaim at Tannenburg. The public ought to be informed without delay for what conditions of peace in Europe Britain stands. To state such terms is not Utopian; on the contrary, as we try to explain in our leading article this week, it is an essential factor in our diplomacy.

After the extraordinary scene in the House last Wednesday we can expect nothing of this sort from Mr. Chamberlain. Having on the previous Monday castigated Dr. Dalton and Sir Archibald Sinclair for daring to criticise him, he dealt out even rougher treatment to forty of his own supporters who pressed for the early recall of Parliament. He regards the House not (to use Mr. Churchill's words) as "a recognised addition to the defences of Great Britain" but as a pack of malignant critics who should be sent on holiday (with gasmasks) while the serious work is done. Unfettered by a Russian alliance—Mr. Chamberlain indicated in answer to a question that he did not expect its completion for some weeks—by the House, or by the country, the men who made Munich face the future without public check. We are aware that offers for a five-power conference, excluding Russia, have been offered to the British Government by Hitler. If the U.S.S.R. is included discussion would ward off catastrophe; without Russia the offer may even now be used to break the Peace Front.

When Parliament has been thus prevented from the execution of its duties, a peculiar responsibility rests upon the individuals who compose public opinion. It is the function of the independent press at such a time clearly to formulate those principles which we are prepared to defend so that the British people may judge what is a settlement and what a surrender. No Government of recent years has changed its policy so often or so rapidly to suit the mood of the public. Mr. Chamberlain may disdain his parliamentary critics, but he needs the plaudits of the crowds. To those countless democrats who in the past months have felt an increasing sense of frustration, we urge that they must not be content with blank opposition to appeasement but must also think out a positive alternative to it; acceptable to ourselves, to our potential allies and to those forces in Germany which still prefer co-operation to brutal aggression. In the coming weeks we shall throw our columns open for such discussion. The debate in the Commons has been curtailed, but Mr. Chamberlain cannot prorogue the Press.

Tangled Talks at Tokio

Mr. Roosevelt's abrogation of the Trade Treaty with Japan and the demonstrations against Britain in Tokio have made it more difficult for Britain to yield to Japan's demands in China. The conference at Tokio is still in being, but the negotiators may be approaching the point at which the fundamental irreconcilability of British and Japanese interpretations of the Craigie-Arita formula can no longer be disguised. The crucial test is the currency question. On the one hand, the Prime Minister has repeated his declaration that there will be no change in Britain's Far Eastern policy; and Parliament has been assured by Sir John Simon that maintenance of the Chinese dollar's stability is still regarded as "desirable" in British interests. On the other hand, the Japanese press is asking how Britain, having agreed not to obstruct Japan's prosecution of the war, can now logically oppose Tokio's specific demands, first, that the silver reserve in Tientsin should be transferred to the puppet Provisional Government of North China, and secondly, that the *fapi* (National Government) dollar should no longer be accepted as legal tender in the Concession. Since the £300 millions of British capital invested in China would be jeopardised fatally if we helped Japan to absorb the Northern Provinces in the yen currency block, the British Government is unlikely to give way on these points. It is significant, however, that London is not following Washington's lead in denouncing the 1911 Trade Treaty with Japan. The Government still seems bent on sitting uneasily on the Far Eastern fence, endeavouring to maintain an equivocal attitude of neutrality.

The French Decrees

M. Daladier may fairly claim that he has once more demonstrated that nothing succeeds like success. France is congratulated by M. Paul Reynaud on her magnificent recovery—employment, production and exports all soaring, gold pouring back to the Bank of France, the rearmament programme going vigorously ahead. Impressed and gratified, Frenchmen accept without demur a batch of 90 decrees which carry France a considerable way along the road to the authoritarian State. The General Election due next year is postponed until 1942; a Commissariat of Information is established to coordinate propaganda and news; and broadcasting is placed under the direct control of the Prime Minister. These decrees—accompanied by others limiting war profits, regulating wheat prices and penalising sterile marriages—have enormously strengthened M. Daladier's quasi-dictatorial position. With the acquittal of M. Sampaix, who as Editor of *L'Humanité*, defended himself with great spirit, and in effect turned his own trial into an indictment of the whole Fifth Column, prosecutions of this type are likely to come to an end for the time. M. Bonnet failed to destroy his enemy and may congratulate himself that matters will stop there. While the Republic prospers, like Britain, in an armament boom, the Chamber sleeps quietly on.

Only Ten Per Cent.

Unable to resist the pressure from a hundred of his own backbenchers, Mr. Chamberlain has decided to institute an inquiry into Old Age Pensions. But the claim of Mr. Quintin Hogg in the *Sunday Chronicle* that this news will bring "Joy to the Old Folks at Home" seems a little premature. The joy will be felt not by the Pensioners but by Tory candidates, who have been disturbed by Labour's Pensions plan and by the extraordinary growth up and down the country of the Old Age Pensioners' Association, and see in the inquiry a convenient answer to hecklers. It is highly unlikely that a Government, which has created 35 insurance peers, and has 43 directors of insurance companies among its supporters in the Commons, will permit so lucrative a source of private profit to be jeopardised by an adequate Old Age Pension. Mr. Chamberlain's real policy was disclosed in his comment that old age pensioners on Poor Law Relief were *only* 10 per cent. of the total number, and that for the sake of this 10 per cent. our financial stability should not be imperilled. The actual number of destitute pensioners is 307,000, a figure slightly in excess of the 301,000 who enjoy incomes of over £1,000 a year. But since the 307,000 are poor Mr. Chamberlain cannot conceive why the "stability" of the incomes of the 301,000 should be disturbed for their sakes.

The Railway Companies Bid Low

The railway companies have made a cheap gesture in granting the railway workers a 2*s*. rise in the minimum rate of pay—to 45*s*., instead of the 50*s*. demanded by the N.U.R. According to the Union's calculations, only about 15,000 men out of the 120,000 who are getting less than 50*s*., will benefit by the advance. The Locomotive Engineers, whose claims have been almost entirely ignored, are still more dissatisfied and have already threatened to strike. This threat need not perhaps be taken too seriously as yet, for presumably what the Union wants is the resumption of negotiations by the companies with a view to securing an approved offer. The companies can, of course, urge that thay have acted in the spirit of the Railway Tribunal's advice; for the Tribunal, when it rejected the men's claims earlier in the year, on the ground that the railways could not afford them, recommended that consideration should be given as soon as possible to the case of the lowest-paid grades. How little the companies have conceded in comparison with the Union's demands can be seen from the fact that, whereas the 2*s*. advance will

cost about £100,000 a year, the 50*s.* minimum for adults would cost over a million, and the total claims put forward about seven millions.

A Vote of Confidence Defeated

The Government's defeat at Brecon, following on the Opposition successes in Colne Valley and North Cornwall, and the slump in the National vote at Hythe and Monmouth, shows that the electorate still claims the right to think for itself. In all these contests, electors have been urged to record a vote of confidence in the Premier, and they have been told by National propagandists that anyone who criticises him is a war-monger. It is heartening to observe that this type of electioneering meets with little success. One reason, no doubt, is that the average voter refuses to permit foreign policy to become the only issue at a time when the Premier has borrowed the foreign policy of the Left. No gratitude for Munich will make farmers in Wales or Cornwall overlook the failure of the Government's farming policy; and the working people of Colne Valley are sharp enough to see that the old man of Munich does not show much active interests in Pensions or Rent restriction. Nor can the Government blame its failure on apathy when, on an old register as at Brecon, 78 per cent. of the electorate polls.

There Are Still 1,256,000

Unemployment is down to a million and a quarter on the July figures—the lowest total since 1929. In the late twenties, round about a million was the bottom figure in the good years; but since then the insured population has increased by more than two million, so that the percentage out of work is now not very different from what it was before the world depression. In comparison with July, 1938, the numbers in work have risen by about 656,000, and those out of work have fallen by 516,000. This is not at all surprising, in view of the enormous current expenditure on armaments. But we must not allow ourselves to forget that there are still well over a quarter of a million "long" unemployed (who have been out of work continuously for over a year, and more than half a million who have been out for more than six months) or that the problem of the depressed areas remains unsolved in spite of the rise in total employment. Coal and cotton show the largest decreases since last July in the numbers out of work; but of all the divisions of the country, South Wales and Scotland show the smallest improvement. Increased public expenditure does something even for the depressed areas; but it achieves less for them than for the more prosperous parts of the country. As the T.U.C. deputation pointed out to Mr. Chamberlain recently, a policy for the Special Areas is no less needed now than it was before the Government began pouring out money for armaments.

All MSS. and letters should be addressed to the Editor, at 10 *Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.*1.
POSTAGE on this issue is : Inland, 1*d.; Foreign,* 1½*d.; Canada,* 1*d.*

HOLIDAYS

Subscribers going on holiday are reminded that Change of Address instructions should reach this office by first post Wednesday morning.

NEW STATESMAN AND NATION
10 GREAT TURNSTILE, LONDON, W.C.1

PEACE TERMS

THE debate in the House of Commons on July 31st revealed an almost unanimous view that the best hope for Europe was that Hitler should be assured that aggression either in the East or the West would mean European war. This view has been reluctantly accepted by many who have been lifelong pacifists as well as by orthodox imperialists and by others who, until the seizure of Prague, had been protagonists of appeasement. Consequently the decision to send a military mission to Moscow and the ostensibly stiffer statement by the Prime Minister were welcomed by almost everyone in the House. It was assumed that war was less likely because British determnation was clear.

So far, so good. But there is a danger that with growing confidence the supporters of the Peace Bloc may forget the second essential of a peace policy. Merely to hem Germany round with a wall of steel and then to be content with what the French call *un silence menacant* is not the path of wisdom. Yet Mr. Harold Nicolson was almost alone in the debate in emphasising that an alternative of some kind must be given to Germany, if Hitler is not to be assured of enthusiastic support among his own people for a war, which he can only too easily represent as the defence of Germany against an aggressive encirclement. As things stand to-day, war might begin with a Polish attack in reply to German provocation and encroachment in Danzig, after which Britain and France would be compelled to commence hostilities in the West.

What is the way out of this dilemma? We must not merely state that we shall stand by the Polish guarantee, but we must explain to our own people and the Germans the reasons for our determination. It is impossible to yield at Danzig because it is impossible to permit Himmler to rule in Warsaw as he now rules in Prague. While making this absolutely clear, the representatives of the British, French and Russian people ought to state what they would regard as the necessary conditions for the reconstruction of European society. If the military conversations with the U.S.S.R. are to be permitted to develop into a real alliance, the only sane policy is to shift the issue from the narrow ground of Danzig by the publication of terms which will break the encirclement psychology which Dr. Goebbels is trying to create.

Our immediate task is to recapture the diplomatic initiative by ourselves offering a future of promise which every sane man knows is not offered by war. We must not stagger into war, with our aims uncertain, to find, as we found in the last war, that the terms of the peace settlement were secretly decided by the exigencies of war. The Peace Front needs to-day to put forward a clear constructive alternative to the present international anarchy and to say to the German people: "You feel you are encircled: you feel there is no way out save to break the wall of steel by violence. That is untrue. The wall of steel is there because your Führer willed it. If your rulers were prepared for peace, here is a plan for peace in which they are invited to collaborate."

One of the deplorable results of Munich was to confuse appeasement with peace-making. Appeasement means to attempt to buy off the aggressor by collaborating with him in the rape of another country and the seizure of other people's goods. Rightly refusing to repeat these

tactics, many people to-day have come either to regard war as inevitable or to fall back on some Utopian dream as an escape from the realities in which we live. They forget that the object of forming a Peace Bloc was to enable us to negotiate, if Hitler would negotiate, on terms of equality, and in any case to appeal to people all over the world, and not least in Germany, for a solution of a different character.

Mr. Chamberlain's Government can endlessly envisage appeasement; it can also envisage war as a last necessity. Can it envisage an active policy of peace-making? Mr. Roosevelt appears to-day to be the one democratic leader in authority with a real understanding of the problem. We have constantly urged, and we do so once again now, that the Powers which have decided to resist aggression and which have in their various ways maintained some conception of liberty and economic welfare should show the world and, in particular, the German people, that if once aggression is halted they are prepared for the fullest and frankest discussion of every point at issue. We know that proposals, some very ill-conceived, have been discussed in hole-and-corner ways with the Nazis; we believe that they serve mainly to convince Hitler that all is well, that our rulers have no conception in their minds beyond that of a return to the *status quo* before 1933, or perhaps before 1914. Hitler will never be impressed by the bribes of big business. Too many big business men have crumbled before him. Nor do such secret offers reach the German people except in the garbled forms permitted by Dr. Goebbels. If only for that reason, they can never have the success of a world appeal, which cannot be kept, as we learnt from Roosevelt's speech last April, from the entire German people.

Is it too late to hope that the Peace Front as a whole would put forward a joint peace policy? It should have been done months ago if it was to have its full effect before the crisis that must inevitably reach us this summer. It is not too late for Britain and France and Russia to meet for consultation and for the world to know that they are so meeting. This in itself would have immense value since it is far more difficult for a dictator to begin a war against Powers which are offering his people a positive alternative to war. We urge that as a first step Britain should lay down the terms on which she could now envisage a *modus vivendi* for the German peoples in Europe. We have not to consider in making such proposals whether they would be acceptable to the men who now control Germany. There are other elements in Germany which still have, if not authority, at least the power to put a brake on Hitler. No one has yet fully penetrated the recesses of the Führer's mind. We believe that he realises the horrors of a great war and knows that his own position could not long survive its declaration. Even now he may be in a state of gloomy indecision, in the mood when definite actions by others may decide his policy. He does not fear opponents who are resigned to the defensive. He would himself be on the defensive if the Powers that declare that they stand for a democratic idea suddenly gave some reality and content to that idea. To-day, in Whitehall and in the chancelleries of Europe, propagandists are concocting formulae on which they would attempt to rally their own publics and undermine German resistance if there were a war. We suggest that the preparations that are being made for the event of war should be used for the defence of peace.

As a first step the British Government, and, if the British Government will not, as many leaders of progressive British opinion as can be found, should issue a manifesto, making clear why the methods of Nazi Germany are intolerable and what are the conditions of a stable peace in Europe. We welcome the efforts of men like Mr. Ernest Bevin and Sir Arthur Salter to think out specific suggestions for ending the international anarchy. Such thinking is needed whether there is war or not, and if we think quickly thought may help to avert war. To wait for catastrophe, relying only on great armaments on the one hand and bribes on the other, is to show oneself morally and politically bankrupt. Even at this late hour a challenging proposal, authoritatively made, would alter the atmosphere in Europe, and above all in Germany; it might even avert the war or the surrender which now seem the only alternatives. Such a step must be taken at once. It may be argued that on the evidence of their whole past history and on that of Mr. Chamberlain's contemptuous rejection of the proposal that the House should not be sent to the seaside for the holidays, there is no chance of the Government adopting any such course as we have suggested. All the more reason why other people should take the initiative.

THE PURGE AT THE COLONIAL OFFICE

On the 13th of July it was announced that the King had been pleased to approve the appointment of Sir John Shuckburgh, Deputy Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, to be Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Nigeria. This appointment seemed odd for several reasons. Sir John had spent all his official life in Whitehall; he had had no previous colonial experience; he was 62, and on the strength of his home service had only three years to go to qualify for pension; and now he was being sent to the none too salubrious climate of West Africa at an age when ordinary West African Officials had long since retired. It seemed doubtful, at least, whether Whitehall's loss would be Nigeria's gain.

Six days later came the announcement that Sir Cosmo Parkinson, the Permanent Under-Secretary, had been transferred to a similar position in the Dominions Office, that Sir George Gater, Clerk of the London County Council, had been appointed to succeed him and that Sir Henry Moore, Assistant Under-Secretary since 1937, had been promoted to be Deputy Under-Secretary in succession to Sir John Shuckburgh. Sir Henry has had twenty-seven years of colonial service in Ceylon, Bermuda, in East and West Africa, and finally as Governor of Sierra Leone. With the transfer two years ago of one, and the early retirement of another Assistant Under-Secretary, there will soon be a clean sweep of all the old hands. Sir Henry has been kept on and promoted and is left in possession of the field.

To make these changes intelligible, it is necessary to say a few words about the organisation of the Colonial Office. At the top are a Permanent Under-Secretary, his deputy and three assistant Under-Secretaries, and a Parliamentary Under-Secretary. Next comes the specialist advisers: legal, medical, economic and financial, for education, agriculture and labour. With them may be grouped the standing committees: the Colonial Advisory Medical and Sanitary Committee, the Advisory Committee on Education and the Colonial Advisory Council of Agriculture and Animal Health. The function of advisers and committees is to bring modern scientific knowledge to bear on colonial problems. For this purpose the

advisers travel, investigate and report. These posts have in the past been held by men of great distinction: for example, the late Mr. Eustace Montgomery was at one time Veterinary Adviser and the late Sir Andrew Balfour served on the Medical and Sanitary Committee. Unless their successors possess the same high qualifications, it stands to reason that the Secretary of State will not receive the right advice.

The Office itself is organised in three divisions: a General Division which deals with a great variety of questions of common interest to all or several of the dependencies; a Personnel Division which deals principally with staff questions; and a Colonial and Protectorates Division in charge of Assistant Secretaries: West Indian, Eastern, Pacific and Mediterranean, Middle East, West African, East African, Tanganyika and Somaliland. The function of these departments is "to advise the higher authorities in the Office on a stream of problems and questions very varied in character."

For the General Division colonial experience matters less, for the Personnel Division it matters more, but for the Colonial and Protectorates Division it is all-important if the work is to be done intelligently. The Secretary of State in a speech last year said that he hoped to effect an interchange at all the various stages in the careers both of home and colonial civil servants in the middle as well as at the bottom and top. Such a proposal is obviously sound and the only surprising thing about it is that it comes so late. The Admiralty, War Office and Air Ministry all effect a constant interchange of personnel between the centre and the circumference, and there is a great deal to be said for the institution under the Colonial Office of a colonial college analogous to the staff colleges of the Army, Navy and Air Force, whose examinations would be regarded as a passport to the higher administrative posts in the colonies. The shuffle which has just taken place will have little effect unless some such drastic reorganisation is also introduced. Many advances in tropical administration have been made in recent years. But very much has gone wrong. One of the principal reasons is that the problems have not been seen as a whole and in perspective. Soil erosion, population problems, nutrition, public health, town planning, rural reconstruction, etc., require administrators with a working knowledge of these subjects and a Colonial Office with a co-ordinated plan.

The deficiencies in our planning and co-ordination have been emphasied in the field of public health by the Nutrition Report issued this week. Not that the Report says much that is new: most of its material had already been published in the admirable survey made by the League of Nations in 1937. But the League of Nations Survey can be discreetly forgotten, and the reappearance of these conclusions in a Blue Book shows that the Government has at last decided to tackle the problem.

One of the lamentable facts in our post-war history is that the British conscience, so deeply stirred by wrongs of minorities in other lands, has not been equally alive to the conditions of the peoples in her own colonies and protectorates. We waited until riots in the West Indies made the situation intolerable before the Commission was sent out. The impasse in Palestine is in part at least due to official indecision and the unwillingness of the Government to make any definite decision. Wherever we look, we find the same story. The situation is only dealt with when the disease is far advanced. Out of the long list of delinquencies, there stand out the disturbances and suspension of the constitution in Cyprus, the suspension and the only partial restoration of the constitution in Malta, the prolonged friction between the Government and unofficial communities in Kenya, and the derelict condition of the South African Protectorates, a legacy from Colonial Office administration. Only when the damage had been done, was it discovered that uncontrolled emigration from Nyasaland had brought misery and poverty to hundreds and thousands of families. Even in Nigeria, which we have complacently quoted as the perfect example of indirect rule, the disclosures by a missionary, who had spent 40 years in the country, and by Miss Perham, show that complacency is not justified. Many of the ailments from which our colonies suffer are such that they cannot be remedied by the traditional routine of the Colonial Office. With small funds at his disposal, the colonial administrator cannot grapple, for instance, with what the League of Nations Survey describes as "destruction of the earth's thin living cover which is proceeding at a rate and on a scale unparalleled in history." In the last few years nearly a million square miles of new desert have been formed and more soil has probably been lost to the world between 1914 and 1934 than in all previous ages of man. The Agricultural Adviser to the Secretary of State has himself reported that the situation is serious in Kenya and is also bad in certain parts of Tanganyika. In Uganda there is sheet erosion in the Eastern Province and sheet and gully erosion in the more northern parts of the Protectorate. Sir John Russell has asserted that one of the most important problems in our sub-tropical and tropical empire is to find some way of covering land with rapidly growing vegetation so as to stop erosion.

Another problem which the Colonial Office must face is that of malnutrition. Here the Blue Book underlines the conclusions of the League Report that Colonial populations in general are undernourished and, apart from the recognised food-deficiency diseases, there can be little doubt that a vast amount of ill-health in the tropics and the East is due to the consumption of a diet deficient in vitamins and other food factors.

Malaria, hookworm disease and tuberculosis, to mention only the worst of the tropical diseases, continue to levy a heavy toll on the undernourished bodies of colonial peoples. There are now established remedies both for malaria and hookworm—quinine and drainage for the former, vermifuges and sanitation for the latter—but, with notable exceptions, there has been a lack of sustained effort in their application. As for tuberculosis, the treatment everywhere is extremely backward; and yet, quite apart from better housing and nutrition, there is now an effective prophylactic available in HTS (human tubercle bacillus solution) with which, for treatment, inoculation for secondary infections must be combined.

Town-planning (including housing)—professional and not amateur town-planning, which may do more harm than good—has not received the attention it deserved, witness for example, conditions in the West Indies. "We visited," says a recent official report, "barrack dwellings in Port of Spain, which are indescribable in their lack of elementary needs of decency and for which, we learned, monthly rents varying from twelve to fifteen shillings a room are paid."

Rural reconstruction offers a way of approach to the solution of some of these problems and the Intergovernmental Conference of Far-Eastern Countries on Rural Hygiene held at Bandoeng (Java) in 1937 passed a resolution strongly emphasising its importance and urgency as a primary responsibility of every government. Each government, it was further resolved, should undertake the co-ordination of the activities of its various agencies, both in planning and execution, so that government services to the population might be integrated, comprehensive and effective.

Even in the matter of constitutional rights the developments lately have been unnecessarily slow. It is probably not realised in this country that there are dependencies where the constitution does not provide for any representation on the executive councils apart from officials, and others where, although such representation is permitted it has not been exercised. In this latter category belong Nigeria, Gold Coast, Sierra Leone, Gambia,—i.e. the whole of W. Africa—Uganda, Zanzibar, Rhodesia, and Nyasaland. It was reported in the press on the 17th of May that the Governor was reconstituting the Executive Council in Tanganyika Territory to provide for appointment of unofficial members, but only after it had been in existence for nineteen years. The ultimate goal for all these dependencies is often said to be self-government, but how will they ever learn to govern themselves if the executive is kept as a close preserve of officials? Of late years we have heard a great deal about indirect rule for African communities,

why not a greater measure of indirect rule for other communities?

There have been two great periods of Colonial administration, that of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain (1895-1903) and that of Mr. Amery (1924-29). The impetus of the latter is now spent, and we may hope that the recent shuffle is the inauguration of a third.

THE DEFENCES OF THE SOVIET UNION

[*The author of this article lived in Russia for the greater part of the post-War period, during which time he had exceptional opportunities of acquiring reliable information.*]

WHEN the train slowly steams past the frontier posts which divide Poland from the Soviet Union, the first thing the traveller notices on Russian territory is a line of barbed-wire entanglements stretching away on both sides of the railway into the empty distance, as far as the eye can see. But this line of barbed-wire stretches farther than that. It stretches from the Baltic to the Black Sea, interrupted only half a dozen times to allow trains to pass. Behind this barbed-wire, occupying an average of thirty miles, defences run right across the broadest part of Europe. It is not only the broadest part of Europe—it is also the emptiest and loneliest. In this thirty-mile broad belt of territory from the Baltic to the Black Sea, running for practically all this length through a vast, flat, bare plain, there is not a village, not a farmhouse, not a living soul to be seen.

Although the fortifications on the western frontier were begun much later than those in the Far East, they are far more elaborate. In the period between the treaty of Rapallo and Hitler's seizure of power, much of Germany's military knowledge and experience was at the disposal of the Russians; in the period since Hitler, much of France's. So the Soviet "Maginot Line," stretching literally without a break for eight hundred miles from the Baltic Sea to the river Dniestr, can be regarded as the most modern and complete defensive system in the world. Outwardly there is nothing to be seen but occasional block-houses, which serve merely as quarters for the frontier guards in peace-time, and the high watch-towers with searchlights and signalling apparatus which are spaced at intervals of a few hundred yards the whole length of the frontier. But it is known that "no-man's-land," between the barbed-wire and the defensive works themselves, is one great mine-field. The "Maginot Line" itself is not just one line of subterranean fortifications, but consists of several, one behind the other. Between and behind these lines, there are large numbers of subterranean aeroplane hangars with enormous reserves of petrol stored in tanks, buried deep underground.

Where the Soviet-Rumanian frontier is formed by the Dniepr, running into the Black Sea at Odessa, the fortifications are less elaborate, the broad river itself being an excellent natural obstacle. In the North, the "Maginot Line" is continued along the Latvian frontier. It is broken on the Esthonian frontier by the immense Lake Peipus, which is patrolled by Russian cannon-boats, and is resumed again near Leningrad along the Finnish frontier where it finally ends at the Baltic Sea.

Let us now turn to Russia's defences in the Far East. It only needs a glance at the map of Eastern Asia to see that with such long and tortuous frontiers, with such enormous desert spaces, there can be no question of the construction here of a continuous "Maginot Line" on the European model. Chabarovsk, Chita and, above all, Vladivostock are strongly fortified towns with several rings of defences. With these exceptions, it has been judged sufficient to build isolated fortifications at those points of the frontier where mountains do not form a perfect natural barrier. At these dangerous points short sections of fortifications on the model of the western "Maginot Line" have been constructed. The great spaces between these sections are linked up by a number of isolated fortified positions equipped with signalling apparatus, so that troops can be immediately rushed to any threatened spot.

This disconnected defensive system, dictated by geographical conditions, is quite enough to hold up the enemy's advance until a strong opposing force can be brought up to meet him, which is all that it is meant to do. For the essential factor in the defence of Russia's Far East territory, where there are no large towns or industrial centres except Vladivostock anywhere near within artillery or bombing range, is the presence in this territory of two fully equipped and absolutely independent armies on a permanent war footing.

The defence of the Soviet Union is divided into two halves: European Russia and Eastern Siberia. Both halves are completely independent of each other. Behind the "Maginot Line" in the West there are four armies, comprising twelve to fifteen army corps which can immediately be increased to eighteen if war is threatened. Although these armies are distributed amongst various military commands, in reality they are in a permanent state of mobilisation, ready to march at a moment's notice. A fifth army is ready in reserve. Officially it is called the Moscow Command and is concentrated behind the centre of the future European front. Still another reserve is at hand in the form of a special cavalry-army, mixed with mechanised units, and situated in the Ukraine and Western Caucasian steppes.

This cavalry-army is unique in its size and organisation. Nothing on the same scale can be found among the armed forces of any other Great Power. Besides the cavalry proper, it is furnished with an enormous quantity of tanks of all types and also—a Russian speciality—with double and treble-spanned machine-gun teams. Russian strategy aims at throwing this cavalry-army into the first breach in the enemy front, made by the front line armies, thus rolling up the enemy's wing and giving the whole offensive an unprecedented speed and impetus.

The famous Far Eastern army is not only a separate command from that of the European Russian armies, but it is a completely independent organisation, as if belonging to another country, as indeed, geographically speaking, it does. It is known as ODVA, from the first letters of its Russian designation. For a long time the Soviet authorities managed to keep it a close secret that a second Far Eastern army had been raised, ODVA 2, with its headquarters in Chabarovsk, while those of ODVA 1 are in Chita. And with the gradual penetration of the Japanese into North China came the organisation of a third army—the Mongolian.

Officially, the Mongolian Republic is an independent State. Actually Mongolia is a Soviet republic. Superficially, there are small differences between the uniforms of the Mongolian and the Russian army, and in some regiments, Mongolian words of command are used. The whole army is trained by Russian instructors on the Soviet model and is liberally dosed with Russian troops. In fact the artillery, the mechanised detachments and the technical services are entirely Russian. Only the cavalry divisions of this army remain purely Mongolian. Thus the "Army of the Mongolian Republic," with its headquarters in Ulam Bator, is in reality the third mobile Soviet Far Eastern Army.

The reserves for the Far Eastern armies are drawn from Western and Central Siberia. But not only the reserves of human material. These armies have their own armament industry with new factories in the great industrial centre created in the Usietzk district during the past few years. Situated in the middle of Siberia, this modern industrial centre is also safe from aerial attack. It is thousands of miles nearer the field of operation than the factories of European Russia.

Everything has been done to make the armies of the Far East completely independent of the rest of Russia, so that, even if their communications were cut by a northerly thrust from Manchukuo, they could continue fighting for a very long time without receiving men, material or supplies of any kind

from the West. In addition to the main armament factories in the Usietzk district, modern industrial plant have been established throughout the extreme Far East and in Vladivostock itself, where enormous reserves have been accumulated. This has been done to ensure the self-sufficiency of the forces operating in the extreme eastern territory to the North of Manchukuo, which, as the map shows, is the most liable to be cut off.

Men and ammunition are not the only requirements of an army. "An army marches on its stomach," said Napoleon. This the Russians found to their cost in the Russo-Japanese war in 1905. The lack of sufficient food at the scene of operations and the enormous distance it had to be transported by the single (now already double) track trans-Siberian railway, led at that time to a serious shortage. This situation will not arise again. The foundation for the Far Eastern Army's independence of food supplies was laid as far back as the period 1928–1932, the period of the first Five Year Plan. Many of the kulaks (rich peasant proprietors) of European Russia were transferred to Eastern Siberian territories, where they were set to work with young voluntary emigrants. Here on virgin soil large State-owned farms and collective farms under military control were established. Considerable economic privileges were later accorded to the deported farmers in order to make them satisfied and politically dependable. With the creation of this new agricultural industry the food supplies for the Far Eastern armies are now assured.

With the accumulation of such a mass of men in these hitherto semi-populated regions, the scarcity of members of the opposite sex soon began to make itself seriously felt. This problem hardly being of a military nature, a new institution was founded by the Government in 1934 for encouraging young women to seek their fortunes in the East. And as bride-ships once left the shores of England in the seventeenth century, carrying young women who were willing to share their lives with those of the colonists in North America, so in the years 1934—1935 bride-trains left the principal cities of European Russia with thousands of adventurous girls, mostly members of the Young Communist League, who received various material privileges. As far as possible, these girls were employed in the offices and workshops of the factories, and on the collective farms. In this way the Soviet Government has provided a reserve of women in the East who, in time of war, can take the place of the men, releasing them for military service.

The Russian Far East lacks only one essential raw material of modern warfare for ensuring the complete independence of its armies, that is oil. Tremendous aircraft squadrons are concentrated in the Far East, and equally enormous stocks of petrol and oil have been laid down. Some time ago it was announced that oil deposits had been found near Vladivostock. But how far they have been exploited is naturally kept a strict secret.

In any case, Vladivostock is the nearest target for Japanese bombers. Just the reverse is true of the peninsular of Kamchatka. This is the great base for the aircraft forces of the Far Eastern armies, and here the main reserves of petrol and oil are stored. Kamchatka, which cannot possibly be aerially blockaded by the Japanese, is a relatively short distance by air from the front, and has been transformed during the past ten years from an empty land into a vast air-base, capable of supplying the Soviet Far Eastern air forces during many years of war.

The Soviet Union has been preparing its Far Eastern defences for fifteen years. It has three permanently mobilised well-equipped *élite* armies, thoroughly trained by numerous frontier skirmishes and even bigger actions. These armies are completely self-sufficient units, and not dependent on European Russia for arms, ammunition, men or food. But even this does not satisfy the Soviet Government. They aim at so improving the communications that this self-sufficiency is not an absolute necessity.

The work of turning the trans-Siberian railway into a double-line track was completed last year. But theoretically this line is in danger of being cut by the enemy, east of Lake Baikal. And so now a second line is being speedily built through the Yakut Republic and the centre of Eastern Siberia, with its terminus on the shores of the Ochotsk Sea, where the bases of the Pacific Fleet are situated. This new line is so far North that it seems impossible for a hostile army or even an aeroplane to reach it. Once this artery is completed, the economic independence of the Far East armies will be superfluous. And then any attack on the Soviet Union in the Far East will, according to all normal calculations, be doomed to failure.

A LONDON DIARY

NOTHING has ever annoyed Dr. Goebbels so much as Commander King-Hall's German *News Letter*. He will not have anyone believe that it is a private venture—as it in fact is. His official reply, sent to people in this country, is singularly incompetent; it has all the defects of the propaganda of the Kaiser's Germany and has made English people roar with laughter. King-Hall sent out four *News Letters* to lists of people in Germany—which means, of course, that though some working-class people have been included, most copies have gone to professional or middle-class people. I have received some very interesting figures from King-Hall about the response. He has had altogether about 1,500 letters from Germany. The value of these replies is obviously decreasing, because, while the first batch were spontaneous, the recent ones have been engineered from schoolboys or sent out with unanimous signatures by office staffs. About 75 per cent. of the replies urge the official Nazi case with varying degrees of reasonableness; most of them argue that we are encircling Germany and quote Palestine, Ireland and India as proofs that our democracy is humbug. About 5 per cent. are violently abusive; many Nazi officials received the letter. Here is an extract from one of the reasonable letters:

> Your letter naturally interested me very much, especially as your appeal to us Germans to think for ourselves shows that you consider that we have lost the habit of independent thought. It is not so. We think about the future and are obsessed with the anxious question, war or peace, just as you are. What I believe I can see especially in your letter is the suggestion that we Germans, as individuals, should detach ourselves from the thought of our political leaders. But what use would that be? Even in England, it would be no use, although you are supposed to live in a democratic country. . . . Of course, our will is for peace. We Germans are not so war-loving as you seem to think. I don't hesitate to show your letter to my friends. . . .

Here is the answer of a German pastor:

> The answer is short because you only deserve a short one. You have been asleep since 1917 and in your sleep you didn't hear the world clock strike 1933, and now it has struck 1939. The swine on whom you speculated have crept out long ago and found a friendly reception in your hospitable country. Yes, if we had a Chamberlain in power here you might have some luck. But, thank God, we have not been burdened with a Chamberlain nor a Halifax: we are blessed from Heaven with Adolf Hitler. Spare yourselves the cost of paper and postage and give it to your own unemployed who are shrieking for bread, and use your time for something more useful. For instance, try and scrape off the soft soap which you have got all over you in order that the world can see you and your friends in all your completely godless, hypocritical piety. We have seen through you long ago.

* * *

Most interesting are nearly 200 anonymous letters, which welcome the *News Letter* and attack the Hitler regime. As there is a censorship of letters out of Germany, one may assume that a much larger number of anti-Nazi letters were dispatched and stopped. There are about 100 others in which the writers give their names, say that they are interested, express their pleasure in seeing the *News Letter* and ask that it should be sent them regularly. Here is a translation of a postcard that I have in front of me. It was posted on a railway train and is signed XY:

> Bravo, Mister, I haven't enjoyed myself so much for a long time or had such a good laugh. The fact that our Minister of Lies,

> Goebbels, is so wild about it proves that you have understood his methods and that he feels that you have scored one on him. But you don't really understand the devilish methods of the Nazi criminals. If you could conceive of the filthiest, corruptest, most despicable actions which any man can do, you would not have got anywhere near Goebbels and Co. . . . When Brüning was there everything was splendid. . . . Give us one single day of freedom of the press and the world would stare. The whole pack of cards would come tumbling down here. Greetings to England, France and the rest of the civilised world.

It is clear that in a country which receives very little outside information the arrival of the *News Letter* has been a great event. About a fifth of the letters came from people who have not had it direct, but whose reply is the result of reading the attacks on it in the German press, while a third of the writers say that they did not get the letter direct but that it was shown to them by friends.

* * *

A correspondent in Tokyo writes that Moral Rearmament is being taken up by all " the right people " in Japan. This spring a house party, attended by 75 men and women, was held, in the best Groupist style, at Japan's most expensive hotel. The organisers claim that 10 nationalities were present and that it was representative of all walks of life, but in fact it was composed of Japanese and pro-Japanese Chinese and Manchurians with a sprinkling of Americans. The walks of life represented were the Christian Church, big business, banking and diplomacy. The express purpose of the house party was moral rearmament " with a view to co-operating in the Government's programme of spiritual mobilisation "; and since the Group's Christianity was clearly compatible with a sound patriotism, the Mitsui Bank was strongly represented, and the police for once did not interfere. Why should they when the Group technique can make a little Chinese schoolmistress say: " One year ago I hated Japan. I surrendered my hatred six months ago. But even then I did not love the Japanese. Now I am sure. My new vision for Japan and China is to surrender our national selfishness "? To this a great Japanese banker responded: " Until I met the Oxford Group, I always had the wrong attitude to China. Now I am praying for the Chinese "; while the President of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce prophesied: " If men's hearts could be changed, it is here in the Pacific that world commerce and trade would find its greatest advance." But the practical Christianity of California was eclipsed by the words of the manager of the Daimaru department stores: " I see the true basis for business between Japan and China through men in both countries living by guidance. We have two branches of our store now in China, a factory in Shanghai and a store in Soochow which will be for Chinese customers as well as Japanese. The Oxford Group spirit is the most practical way to build bridges of co-operation between business elements in both countries." Surrender to Christ's guidance and surrender to Shinto are somewhat difficult to distinguish, it seems. And all in the name of Oxford!

* * *

Mr. Malcolm MacDonald is insisting on an incredibly mean interpretation of his own White Paper on Palestine. According to that document there were to be yearly quotas of 10,000 permitted immigrants (to be reduced by the numbers of illegal immigrants detected) *plus* a special quota of 25,000 refugees whose admission was to depend only on adequate provision for their maintenance being found. There was no suggestion that the 25,000 were to be split up into five yearly quotas of 5,000 each, no suggestion that they were to wait in Hades until after the next war or the Day of Judgment. Now, however, Mr. MacDonald argues that because illegal immigrants in the period May-September, 1939 are estimated at 8,000, there is to be no immigration at all, not even of children or of aged parents of established settlers, in the half-year October, 1939-April, 1940. Yet, as Miss Rathbone urged in the House, elderly people do not affect the future population of Palestine and the children are waiting, already guaranteed, to escape from a country which treats them as subhuman.

How often the best prepared campaigns go wrong. Dislike of a septuagenarian Cabinet prompted a movement to get rid of Lord Runciman on the ground of his numerous directorships. But alas! Mr. Chamberlain has outwitted us. Lord Runciman has resigned the directorships and the Cabinet age-level is maintained.

* * *

" No one can get acquitted for a motoring offence," my friend said to me. I thought I would try and judging from the quite long consultation of the magistrates and the fact that I was only fined 10*s*., I suppose I nearly succeeded. I tried to put myself in the magistrates' place: if I had been on the bench should I have acquitted Mr. Critic? I doubt it. Consider the facts. Admittedly a rather greasy road and a steep hill; admittedly a speed of 20-25 miles an hour; admittedly a car that went over the amber lights. The defence? That with traffic behind and the chance of a skid, the safest and proper course was to go across the warning light. The accusation? That the light turned to red just before the car crossed the line and that the light had turned to amber when the car was forty yards from the crossing. The defendant denies that the light was red when he crossed and says that the distance was more like 20 feet than 40 yards. Now no driver can know afterwards just how far away he was when the lights changed; no policeman fifty yards farther down the hill could possibly judge accurately. Therefore both are presumably making the guess that sounds best from their point of view. Equally obviously in this case the driver did not deliberately go over the red light; but the light may have changed just as he was crossing without his knowledge. On what does the magistrate make a decision? Presumably that in such a case the policeman has little to gain by bringing a charge—that you've got on the Bench to take police evidence before that of the motorist who is presumably a liar anyway. I think as a magistrate I should have taken the same view—with the rider that in that case almost every bus-driver and motorist in England is guilty of the same offence every day.

* * *

I hope Mr. Morrison and my other friends on the L.C.C. are going to examine the housing-scheme prepared by the Architectural Association School under the guidance of Mr. Max Lock. A Stepney area, due to be re-developed, has been surveyed, and the wishes of the inhabitants have been as carefully examined as the economic and technical problems. Some 45 per cent., usually those who have no children or whose children are grown up, would like flats; the other 55 per cent. prefer houses. The ideal method of rehousing these people would be a block of 10-storey flats (which is forbidden by the regulations) and a number of 2-storey houses (which would not qualify for the maximum subsidy). The final scheme evolved is a skilful compromise: it includes a block of 6-storey flats (the highest permissible) and a number of 3-storey houses, consisting of maisonettes with 2-roomed flats on the top storey. Each house has its own garden, and there are allotments for the flat-dwellers as well as a community centre and a children's playground. The population intended by the L.C.C. for this site (269 per acre—far too high, of course) is provided for, yet no building casts a shadow on another, and the gardens get full sun. It is important to press for a modification of the antiquated cramping restrictions of housing, building, town-planning and public health acts. In the meanwhile the Architectural Association's scheme offers, within the framework of existing legislation, a remarkable improvement on current practice. The buildings are adapted to the wishes of the inhabitants instead of the inhabitants having to adapt themselves to the buildings provided for them.

* * *

The following is taken from a circular advertising the Vienna Fair which was sent to Jugoslavian newspapers:

> The great political events of 1938-9 and the redistribution of Central Europe which were consequent upon them, were triumphs for justice and peace, and, in spite of attempts to undermine them, are already working beneficently for all mankind. Clearly the trade

of Europe could not remain unaffected by the victory of self-determination for the Germans, Slovaks and Czechs. . . . These great events will mean that German trading methods—the purification of international trade relations—will be even more widely accepted. All this will bring a great triumph for morality, since the peculiar principles of German trade-relations are complete reciprocity and the entire elimination of impure political motives.

That seems to me a perfect way of explaining why Jugoslavia should receive aspirin and mouth organs in return for her crops!

* * *

"Professor Haldane is getting a lot of publicity for his stunts," someone remarked. "And how he does help Mr. Chamberlain by over-stating and mis-stating the case against him!" "May be," I said, "but I'm all for Haldane, and the more publicity he gets for the International Brigade and for air raid shelters and the more he shows up the sort of people who have misruled us since the war the better pleased I am. I'm all for Haldane because he has more guts than all the other professors in the country put together." CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to H. Sewell.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

Every child loves making sand-castles.

But the children of the Duke and Duchess of Kent are on holiday where the beach is shingle and there is no sand.

So they are not as lucky as your children at Blackpool or Bognor who can dig and build in the sand the whole day long.—*Daily Express.*

The word "militiaman," admirable 150 years ago when Major Edward Gibbon, having completed his History of the Decline and Fall, was very proud of his service with the Hampshire Militia, has since been somewhat tarnished by its association with the unfortunate Spanish Red Militia.—*Times.*

John Henry Buston, fifteen-year-old baker's boy, regained consciousness in Wrexham Hospital yesterday, but is still unaware that he was knocked down by a car in which three peers were going to golf.—*Daily Express.*

Mrs. George Gibbs (Halifax) said: "The young people of our day are not full of sex appeal. Some of our girls never think of such a thing. If I were a girl I should feel insulted that I belonged to a Church which discusses this."—*News Chronicle.*

"To make a first-class military band play for 6*d.* dances is like casting pearls before swine," declared Councillor J. L. Cumming, attacking a proposal at a Broadstairs Council meeting last night to charge 6*d.* for open-air dances in Victoria Gardens.

"It is simply throwing away the band. It is an absolute insult to them," he said.

Councillor R. A. Choppin said if people went to Buckingham Palace they could not hear a better band.

The Council decided to raise the admission price to 1s.—*Evening Standard.*

Peals of happy laughter will help to drown the sound of bursting bombs at Beckenham, Kent, if there is a war.

For, sitting in their A.R.P. trenches, 450 girls of the County School, Beckenham, will have non-stop variety.

As an A.R.P. measure the girls have been ordered by their headmistress to learn three funny stories each, and to keep the stories secret in readiness for a war.

The stories will not be told until they get into the trenches, then the telling of the entire 1,350 jokes will begin.

The stories must be of a suitable character, easy to understand, and they must be funny. Now the girls are begging their adult friends to tell them the best jokes they know.

"I have got three beauties," one of the girls said. "They are so good that it is difficult, being on my honour, not to tell them until there is a war. I am bursting to let my chums enjoy them."—*Sunday Pictorial.*

EVERYTHING IS DANGEROUS

A FRIEND of mine, who had just been attending a lecture on First Aid, told me that one of the things she had learned was, never to put iodine or spirits on a wound. This rather surprised me, for I had been a bigoted believer in the use of iodine. How often have I hurried a child with a cut finger out of the garden and up to the bathroom to apply the blessed preventive of lockjaw to the wound! In my own childhood it was a general belief that, if you got a cut between the thumb and the first finger, lockjaw could be most effectively prevented by the application of a cobweb; and, in turning from cobwebs to iodine, I felt that I was abandoning superstition for science. Now it seems that belief in the virtues of iodine must also be counted among the superstitions. Yet, in the *First Aid Manual* I find the advice: "Treat every scratch or slight wound immediately. Apply the iodine solution over the broken surface once and allow to dry. Do not attempt to wash the wound at all."

The longer one lives, the more one is puzzled as to what is the right thing to do in almost any circumstances. No sooner does one learn to believe that iodine is a safe disinfectant that one is told how wrong it is to use a disinfectant so dangerous. No sooner has one convinced oneself that the right thing to do to a wound is to wash it than one discovers that on no account must a wound be washed. The thing that was thought safe yesterday is thought dangerous to-day. New knowledge upsets old knowledge and will in its turn be upset by knowledge that is newer.

The truth is, I suspect, that nearly everything is both useful and dangerous, and that at one time we over emphasise the usefulness and at another the danger. Even at the same time, indeed, we often see the usefulness of something or other acclaimed by one body of men and its dangers underlined by another. We had an example of this fairly recently when the authorities launched a Drink-More-Milk campaign. One gathered from their propaganda that England would become a country transformed if only everybody drank enough milk. The medical authorities, on the other hand, while admitting that milk is a perfect food, began a rival campaign to bring home to the public the fact that in present circumstances it may be a dangerous food and to warn the layman never to drink milk that had not been pasteurised. And the worst of it is that, as soon as you have acquired a faith in the pasteurisation of milk, somebody will come along and prove to you that pasteurisation destroys its food-value.

I am myself of the opinion that milk is a very dangerous food, indeed. If you have ever seen any one suffering from a bad attack of undulant fever, which is caused (it is said) by drinking the milk of a cow that has aborted, you will agree with me. Two or three years ago, if I remember right, Lord Winterton had a comparatively mild attack of undulant fever and wrote to the *Times* urging that something should be done to protect the public from so unpleasant an illness and suggesting at the same time that what is called influenza is often really undulant fever. I do not know whether anything has been done about the matter since. Leading authorities in the veterinary world said that they had it in hand, but there are still great men in Harley Street who do not recognise undulant fever when they see it. Having seen a man nearly die of it, I have never been able to join enthusiastically in the Drink-More-Milk campaign. I regard milk, indeed, as even more dangerous than iodine. But then I may be prejudiced. One of my favourite doctors once wrote an extremely convincing pamphlet, the trend of which may be gathered from its title, *The Mischief of Milk.*

Not that I think that anything ought to be avoided merely because it is dangerous. If we avoided everything that was dangerous, the first thing that we should have to avoid is being alive. "Into the dangerous world I leapt," said Blake of a child's birth; and no child is alive for long before it discovers that the very fire that saves it from shivering with cold is a source of peril. Matches which in the pre-electric

world brought light and warmth into the home were dangerous, as many a child found when, pretending that the window-catch was a gas-jet and trying to light it, it set the nursery curtains on fire. The very screen that protected it from being burnt in the fire was dangerous: I knew a boy who by a stroke of genius managed to have the top of his finger cut off by one of these. How dangerous, again are the stairs that enable the child to reach the ground floor and escape into the health-giving open air; nurses have tumbled downstairs with babies in their arms. And even the open air is not safe. It may contain a horsefly, the bite of which will cause the temple to swell to such an extent that the eyelids cannot open. So dangerous is the world, indeed, that I am never in a child's company without recurrent feelings of apprehension. If it climbs on to a ledge, will it fall and break its neck? If with the best will in the world it pulls the cat's tail, will it get scratched or bitten? If it goes near the fire, will it fall into it? There is no denying that it is extremely risky to be alive.

As we grow older, however, we gradually become divided into two bodies of opinion—those who think that in a dangerous world risks must be taken and those who think that, if a thing is dangerous, this is its condemnation and it should at almost all costs be avoided or suppressed. American Prohibition was a result of the triumph of the second school of thought. Drink, it was recognised—as it must be recognised by any rational human being—is dangerous, and, overemphasising its dangers, a great nation decided that citizens must not be allowed to have anything to do with it. Bombay, I see, has now followed the example of America and is said to be more hopeful of success with its experiment. The hope may be justified, but I am doubtful. The Americans found that in this dangerous world, though drink was dangerous, Prohibition was even more so. It did not even stop drinking. It merely gave men worse drink and made them pay more for it and bred new forms of crime. Circumstances may be different in Bombay. Perhaps it is only among the white races that the dangers of Prohibition are greater than the dangers of drinking.

I myself belong to the "Safety first" rather than to the "Live dangerously" school of thought, and am temperamentally inclined always to choose the less dangerous of two alternatives. That may be why I am opposed to Prohibition: it is too dangerous. In the same way, when I read attacks by Sir Arnold Wilson on the present freedom of the press, I disagree with him only because I believe that the alternative he proposes, a sort of press censorship, would be more dangerous still. When one thinks of the dangers of the freedom of the press—how a newspaper is free to spread poisonous ideas, to instil hatred and malice into its readers, to publish lying rumours and to give the news twist after twist of falsehood—one is appalled. But what is the alternative? Under a censorship, all the power for evil that exists potentially in a free press would be transferred to a despotic Government, and all organs of opinion would become organs of one opinion—the opinion of the Prime Minister and his Cabinet. This system does not seem to work very well in Germany, and if Germany is ruined in another war, one of the chief causes of this will be that German newspapers were not left free to tell the truth either about Germany or about the outside world as they saw it. The fact is, that, dangerous though freedom of speech and all the other democratic liberties are, they are safety itself in comparison with any alternatives that have ever been discovered or suggested.

If you are going to suppress free speech on the ground that it is dangerous, indeed, you must also, if you are logical, suppress religion, atheism, science, literature, art, gas-stoves and Bank Holidays. All these things have led to the ruin of human beings. Religion and atheism have turned men into bloodthirsty fanatics. Science has given them powers of killing undreamed of outside the Book of Revelation. Literature has corrupted the imagination of many a Madame Bovary. Gas-stoves have provided a new temptation to suicide, and Bank Holidays larger opportunities for drunkenness and licence. As for that most dangerous of modern inventions, the motor-car ——!

Even when we have said the worst that can be said of the world's dangers, however, a doubt arises whether the world would be a safer place, or so safe a place, without them. A world without milk, without gas-stoves, without literature, without religion, without science, without free speech—how human beings would suffer in it, and how unattractive it would be! The same things that make for danger make for our safety. It is the rule of life. I am inclined to give the benefit of the doubt even to iodine. Y. Y.

PROFESSOR BERNAL REPLIES

[*Professor Baker's "Counterblast to Bernalism" appeared in our issue of July 29th.*]

ACCORDING to Dr. Baker, "Bernalism is the doctrine of those who profess that the only proper object of scientific research is to feed people and protect them from the elements, that research workers should be organised in gangs and told what to discover, and that the pursuit of knowledge for its own sake has the same value as the solution of crossword puzzles." Now I am not concerned in defending this doctrine: it is not mine and never has been. Moreover, I protest against the addition of this barbarous perversion of the language. I do not know where Dr. Baker has met the Bernalists; I have never seen one myself and I don't believe they exist.

It would be sheer waste of time and ink to attempt to continue a controversy on Dr. Baker's terms. But the issue itself is real enough, though it cannot be seriously discussed till the caricature of it is cleared away. What science is for and how it can best be carried on, are vital questions to discuss and to act on. The first question has really two distinct parts, according to whether we consider science as a social activity, part of the general complex of such activities, or as the personal interests of an individual. The failure to separate these two aspects is the ground for most of Dr. Baker's animus against the monster of Bernalism. This type of confusion is not confined to science. There are many who are just as unclear in their minds as to whether agriculture is a technique for raising animal and plant products or a means of providing a simple and ennobling life close to the soil. But though the questions are closely related, failure to separate them prevents any clear understanding of either. There is, in effect, no contradiction between considering the practical use of science to a community as a justification for encouraging it and considering that the scientist carries on his work for what he thinks is a sheer love of truth and beauty. The one is a question of social economics, the other of psychology. That science has a social function is no new doctrine but palpable and admitted fact. That that function is largely economic under present conditions and is likely to become even more so, is clear to any student of the history of science. It is written plainly in the present organisation of science, with its governmental and industrial laboratories, and in the relative importance, even in academic science, of those branches such as chemistry which have the greatest and most immediate economic importance. What is new is a growing conscious recognition of the nature of that function, brought about by the rapid development of science and by the glaring contradiction between the actual and potential effects of scientific activity on our civilisation. No question arises as to whether or not science should be used for social ends. It is being so used, but badly and largely for bad ends. We have not to decide whether science is or is not to be a directed activity, but only what its direction should be.

Now what ultimate ends do we set for science? They are the old indissoluble human trinity, goodness, truth and beauty; or commoditie, firmeness and delighte. In stressing the utility of science, we imply the accuracy of its truths and the enjoyment of its discoveries as certainly as if they were

taken as the prime considerations. Nor can a man fully appreciate the truths of science unless he can relate them to their fruit in the satisfaction of human needs. But this is far from demanding, as Dr. Baker seems to think, that all scientific work should deal with immediate research for practical ends. On the contrary, those of my way of thinking have always been consistent in our claims for the full co-ordination of theory with practice and for the greatest possible development of fundamental and apparently abstract research.

Scientific research cannot, of its very nature, be restricted to any set of problems, whether they be practical or academic, without ultimate futility and pedantry. Knowledge increases and discoveries are made from an interplay between intrinsic development of disciplines, such as mathematics or genetics, and the problems of practical life, such as the production of power or the cure of disease. Without the former, discoveries cannot be made; without the latter, they will not be. If the quarrel about ends is an illusory one, that about means seems real enough. Should science advance by the casual co-ordination of the work of gifted individuals, each following his inner light, or by groups or gangs of workers mutually assisting each other and integrating their work according to some pre-conceived though flexible plan? Now, if Dr. Baker could descend from the ideal to the actual, he would see that this is also an illusory distinction. For modern science is already in a state of transition from one mode of working to the other. It is simply a question of how, under given conditions of knowledge and social organisation, to advance our understanding and ability in the most effective way. Up to the present century, where the workers were few and the means of work simple, the individual method was clearly the best in many fields. The authorities Dr. Baker quotes bear ample witness to that. Even then, however, there were advantages to be reaped from working in schools and in organised laboratories. Pythagoras, Aristotle, Tycho Brahe, Galileo, Boerhaave, Linnaeus, Liebig, and Pasteur are names enough to show that the monks of science were as significant as its hermits. But none of this is relevant to-day. People are working together and they have got to work together in most fields of science if they are to get results. Techniques have become too multiplex and costly for any other means.

The problem is no longer to decide whether science should be organised or not, but how to organise it, so as to avoid confusion and obscurity without damaging the freedom of thought and activity of the individual worker, on which ultimately everything depends. Dr. Baker thinks this is undesirable and impossible. I think it must and can be done. For a scientist of to-day to confine himself to purely individual work and not to attempt to integrate his work with that of his fellows is deliberately to restrict his capacity for discovery and to treat the overcoming of unnecessary difficulty as something to be pursued for its own sake. Such occupation may justly be compared to crossword-puzzle solving or rock-climbing—good and enjoyable diversion, but not life work. Of course, there will always be a small number of highly original or cross-grained minds that cannot fit in with others, and because of the possibility that their work may be of the utmost importance, a place must be kept for them. But this cannot be the way for the great majority. Team work will tend increasingly to be the mode of scientific research. This does not, however, mean the forceful disciplining of gangs by gang leaders. Scientists will work together and are working together, because for each of them this means the greatest scope for original discovery. The keys to the successful organisation of science are freedom and democracy. Nowadays freedom for individual research means more than the absence of prohibition or even of compulsion; it implies the provision of adequate material and help. Thus the limitation of subsidies and organisation for science is probably the most effective way to stifle discovery, for discovery and fruitful application can no longer be counted on to come of themselves; they need intelligent provision. The consciousness of a common aim binds people together far better than any autocratic ordering. But the present organisation of science is not free and democratic, it is still in form authoritarian and hierarchical, and any new organisation must base itself far more on voluntary association and on the executive power of councils of all grades of workers.

To work for such organisation as part of the great struggle of our time for order and liberty is not to forget the more individual and subjective values of science, but accepting them, to break down the barriers that make those values an exclusive and sterile possession of a few, so that they form part of a far wider and more conscious civilisation.

J. D. BERNAL

Miscellany

COUNTRY NOTES

Gadgets

I mistrust gadgets, generally speaking. They seldom work. The proved, old-fashioned tool is usually better and it is safer to stick to it. I thus make a rule of throwing all tempting catalogues of gardening gadgets straight into the waste-paper basket, not daring to examine them first, because I know that if I examine I shall fall. It will mean only that I shall with some trouble obtain a postal order for 10*s.* 6*d.*, to acquire an object which will speedily join similar objects rusting in the tool shed. It should be clear from this that my mistrust of gadgets is equalled only by my weakness for them and that no amount of experience can make me find them anything but irresistible.

Nevertheless this attitude may be ungrateful, for there are certain gadgets which have been my companions for so long that I have ceased to think of them under that name. There is the walking-stick shaped like a golf-club, with a cutting edge to slash down thistles; you can do it without pausing as you walk, and not only does it control the thistles but provides a harmless outlet for ill-temper. Then there is the long, narrow trowel of stainless steel and its associate, the two pronged hand-fork, both excellent for weeding in between small plants, though there is no tool so well adapted for this purpose as the old table knife with the stump of a broken blade. There is the little wheel on the long handle, like a child's toy, which you push before you and which twinkles round, cutting the verge of the grass as it goes. Above all, there is the widger, the neatest, slimmest, and cheapest of all gadgets to carry in the pocket. Officially the widger is Patent No. 828793, but it owes (I believe) its more personal name to the ingenuity of Mr. Clarence Elliot, whose racy gardening style ought to be more widely appreciated. He invented the widger, its name, and the verb to widge, which, although not exactly onomatopoeic, suggests very successfully the action of prising up—you widge up a weed, or widge up a caked bit of soil for the purpose of aerating it—all very necessary operations which before the arrival of the widger were sometimes awkward to perform. This small, sleek object, four inches long, slides into the pocket, no more cumbersome than a pencil, and may be put to many uses. Screw-driver, tooth-pick, letter-opener, widger, it fulfils all functions throughout the day. Its creator, Mr. Elliot, I observe, spells it sometimes with a "y": wydger, no doubt on the analogy of Blake's Tyger, just to make it seem more unusual.

What an odd little word "gadget" is, almost a gadget in itself, so small and useful. Its origin is obscure and it is believed not to appear in print before 1886. Yet it is not, as might be thought, an Americanism. It appears to be an expression used chiefly by seamen, meaning any small tool, contrivance, or piece of mechanism not dignified by any specific name; a what-not, in fact; a chicken-fixing, a gill-guy, a timmey-noggy, a wim-wom. I commend these agreeable synonyms to Mr. Clarence Elliot's notice, and at the same time record my gratitude for his revival of that other sea-faring word, manavlins. I wonder how many English-speaking people are familiar with its meaning?

Tool-shed

Different from gadgets are the time-honoured tools which hang in the dusty brown twilight of the tool-shed when their day's work is done. The wood of their handles is as tawny as the arms of the men who use them; they have a sun-burnt air. The steel of spuds, forks, and trowels glistens quietly as though it were resting; it has been in contact with the earth all day, and recalls the old expedient of plunging a dirty knife-blade into the soil and withdrawing it restored to a brightness like the flash of Excalibur. The prongs of forks are burnished as bayonets, the curve of hooks as gleaming as sabres. The big wooden baskets, which in Kent we call bodges, but which other people call trugs, repose peacefully across the handles of the barrow. The long handles of rakes and hoes dangle in rows, symmetrical as Uccello's lances. There is a shelf with all the odd accumulation of labels, green string, hedging gloves, old tobacco tins full of saved seeds. A hank of yellow bass hangs from a nail, blond as corn. The flower-pots are piled, tier upon tier, red as a robin's breast. Red and brown, green and golden, steely as armour, dusty as snuff, the tool-shed deepens in shadow as the respite of evening shuts the door and leaves the small interior to the mouse. V. SACKVILLE-WEST

"THE IRISH PROBLEM"

RECENT activities of the "Irish Republican Army" have reminded us of the existence of an Irish problem, but it is not easy for anyone outside Ireland to understand how things happen in that country, or why.

I can suggest no means of making them intelligible to a "Saxon," but, as a warning against hasty conclusions, I will record three incidents which would not astonish any Irishman, but which may seem surprising to some English (or even Scottish) readers. I am not suggesting any plan of action to Sir Samuel Hoare, but they may throw some light on the mentality of the people with whom he has to deal. Two of them belong to the period of the Home Rule controversy, just before the Great War, while the third happened about a century ago. All three of them occurred within the six counties of Northern Ireland.

On the 12th of July, 1913, in the city of Londonderry, a Nationalist band, played "God Save the King." The result was a riot which lasted for three days, with many casualties and much broken glass. The reason was that the Home Rule Bill was on the way to become law, and the Nationalists found this ingenious way of reminding the annual procession of Orangemen that, when this happened, the Orangemen would themselves become the "Rebels," if they carried out their plan of armed resistance to that law. Otherwise any Nationalist bandsman would have died rather than play such a tune. The Orangemen saw the point at once and the bricks began to fly.

A little later, when both sides were openly, but quite illegally, drilling and arming their supporters for a civil war, the leaders of the two forces made a written agreement to share equally the cost of making a rifle range, and to use it on alternate days for training their troops to shoot each other.

The third incident concerned a great-uncle of my own, who was shot at and missed during the 1830's and who died half-a-century later as Primate of All Ireland. I always knew the story from family tradition, but thought it almost too good to be true until, on the death of his son about thirty years ago, I had occasion to go through some old papers and came upon the original letters which had passed between my uncle (then Dean of Kilmore), his father (Bishop of Kilmore) and the Chief Constable of the County.

The police found many clues in many quarters, Catholic and Protestant, but were of opinion that no Catholic would dare to give evidence in Court on behalf of the prosecution. Eventually they found in a "cabin" a sheet of paper headed: "LIST OF THEM THAT SUBSCRIBE TO KILL MR. BERESFORD." Below this were about a dozen signatures, arranged properly with the highest subscriber at the top and the lowest at the bottom. To the right of the signatures were two columns, one for cash and one for whisky. The first subscriber contributed £2 and 2 gallons of whisky, and the two lowest, respectively, 2*s.* 6*d.* and no whisky, and half-a-gallon of whisky and no cash.

The police thought they knew who had fired the shot but had not enough evidence to go into Court upon. The subscribers were most of them caught and convicted and transported to Botany Bay. After the assizes were over, the suspected person confirmed the suspicions of the police by drinking himself to death, from which they inferred that he must have been awarded the pool for doing his best, though without success.

According to the family tradition the shot had been fired at the Dean on his way to Church, by a man in his shirt-sleeves, standing among a crowd of people, and within a moment every man in the crowd had taken off his coat, so as to render the marksman less conspicuous—not that they were all privy to the plot but from a natural instinct to save from the police anyone who fired at a Protestant Dean, who was also a Landlord and whose wife was a very devout woman believed to be urging him, on religious grounds, to replace his Catholic tenants by Protestants. I did not, however, find any mention of this in the correspondence and I suspect that this part of the story arose from confusion with a similar incident, which actually occurred, in County Sligo, when an unpopular landlord named Bell Booth was successfully shot. His shooting is recorded in the autobiography of Major Le Carron, who gives the text of a song of triumph over the slaying of Bell Booth, sung by the Irish in Pennsylvania a generation later.

In my boyhood I used to hear of an eloquent Irish Priest who preached against intemperance in these terms: "Isn't it the whisky that makes a ruin of your home? And isn't it the whisky that" (here followed a number of other bad effects, and finally) "Isn't it the whisky that makes you try to shoot your Landlord AND—isn't it the whisky that makes you miss him?"

But the story of my uncle's adventure has a sequel. One day as he sat at dinner, a very poor woman came to the door and insisted on seeing him. When the servants failed to get rid of her, he himself went to find out what she wanted and inquired who she was. He was greeted in these terms: "I'm the wife of one of the men that was after shooting your Riverence." She then reminded him that her husband was in Botany Bay and she longed to join him there, but had no money to pay for the passage and wouldn't his Riverence help her? Which he accordingly did, appreciating his responsibility. Do you know of any other country in which a claim in this peculiar form would be either made or paid?

ALEXANDER LAWRENCE

UNKNOWN OPERAS

STRANGE things are happening among the peoples of the British Commonwealth of Nations. Only this week it was announced that the municipality of Capetown by a large majority vote had accepted a scheme for a municipal theatre. As far as I know this will be the first either in Great Britain or the Dominions. It is only six years since Mr. John Christie founded at Glyndebourne his annual opera festival which has already become as world-famous as the old Salzburg festival. A fortnight ago I went to Pollards, Loughton, Essex, and found there a new enterprise engaged in its third season of performances of opera in the open air which had already such support from the public that both the performances I witnessed were sold out at prices from 3*s.* 6*d.* to 10*s.*

I should not have made the trip to Pollards, Loughton—which, however, is quite accessible, being in Epping Forest on a main omnibus route—had it not been that the operas advertised were works that are quite unknown in this country. They were a comic opera by Gluck, *La Rencontre Imprévue*,

given the English title of "The Pilgrims of Mecca," and Alessandro Scarlatti's *Il Trionfo dell'Onore* (The Triumph of Virtue). Is it not almost incredible that those concerned should have been so fortunate as to find patrons who were so enlightened as to encourage the performance of unknown works by unpopular, long-dead composers? Why it is rumoured that even Mr. John Christie once fell so far from grace as to conceive of performing Wagner at Glyndebourne! If that could happen, then we might have expected *Madame Butterfly* at Pollards, Loughton, but Mr. and Mrs. Howard, who are the patrons of this new enterprise described as Pollards Opera, have spared us this.

The operas are given in English and in this respect the Pollards Opera has been doubly lucky. The librettos in each case are good, but their original merit was greatly enhanced by the brilliant translations of the producer, Mr. Geoffrey Dunn. The libretto of the Gluck opera was based on pieces by Le Sage and d'Orneval, adapted by Dancourt. The plot was very popular during the eighteenth century and was made use of in various forms by Marmontel, Dibdin and Haydn, and it is also the story used by Mozart in *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*. Actually *La Rencontre Imprévue* (The Pilgrims of Mecca) was composed by Gluck and produced in Vienna in 1764, when Mozart was eight years old. It is, therefore, two years later in date than *Orfeo et Euridice* which Gluck produced in Vienna in 1762. It was, I think, the last of his comic operas. A comparison between this work and Mozart's *Entführung* on the same theme is not always to the advantage of the latter even in the comic parts where one would naturally suppose Gluck to be weakest. Certainly he had not got the genius for comedy possessed by Mozart, but his treatment of the drinking scene with Osmin is little if any inferior to Mozart's, and if we must say that Mozart's is more lively, we must remember that Gluck's was the first invention and that there can be little doubt that Mozart knew of Gluck's scene when he wrote his own.

Gluck may be said to surpass Mozart in the stricter limits he placed upon the virtuosity of singers to whom Mozart was sometimes too indulgent. But it must also be admitted that he had a vein of pastoral imagination not possessed by Mozart. Where in any of Mozart's operas can we find a scene like that in Act III of *La Rencontre Imprévue* where Monsieur Vertigo sings the two arias, *Dies ist ein Giessbach* and *Einen Bach der fliesst*? This enchanted dream-like pastoral music recurs in the same composer's *Armide* of which it is one of the finest features. We meet it again in Beethoven's "Pastoral" Symphony, in the *Scène aux Champs* of Berlioz's *Symphonie Fantastique* and in the marvellous scene on the banks of the Elbe in the same composer's *Damnation of Faust*, which in my opinion is one of his finest conceptions. But we meet it nowhere else in opera. I am not at all sure that it was not this quality in Gluck—added to his dramatic truthfulness and sublimity—which made Berlioz so wholehearted a Gluckist and so relatively unappreciative of Mozart. M. Vertigo is a very good comic invention, although he is a needless accretion to the plot, but Mr. Geoffrey Dunn's performance was a masterpiece. Mr. Dunn has also used the idiom of Kai-Lung with no uncertain hand. Phrases such as "Would you slaughter the lamb of incorruptibility with the hatchet of suspicion" and "to bale the sea of misery with the thimble of hypochondria" fell from his lips with an effect of which their repetition on paper can give no idea.

My gratitude to Mr. and Mrs. Howard and to Mr. Geoffrey Dunn for an opportunity to hear this delightful Gluck opera is all the stronger since I have been for years vainly agitating that Mr. Christie at Glyndebourne should produce some of the unknown masterpieces of this vastly underrated composer.

Alessandro Scarlatti, father of the famous Domenico Scarlatti, wrote *Il Trionfo dell'Onore* in 1718 when he was about sixty years of age. He was an exact contemporary of Purcell and Professor Dent has called him "one of the most important figures not only in the history of opera but in the entire history of music." *The Triumph of Virtue* is a delightful work full of sparkling arias and duets written with that verve and comic inventiveness in which the Italians have excelled all others except Mozart. Here again the translation was first-rate. The singing in the Scarlatti as in the Gluck opera was good, sometimes very good. Mr. Dunn himself, Mr. Jan Van der Gucht and Miss Dorothy d'Orsay gave the most satisfying performances; but I must not omit to draw particular attention to Miss Nancy Evans's performance as Leonora in the Scarlatti opera. A good contralto with a pure voice, without tremolo and even in quality throughout its range is something of a rarity. Miss Evans has these qualities, a most attractive appearance and some ability as an actress.

In conclusion I have to admit that I learned with utter surprise that Mr. and Mrs. Howard feel unable to make this an annual festival, but are keeping it as a biennial event. May I implore them to change their minds for the sake of English opera and English operatic artists? Also may I suggest that in addition to supplying a large marquee, in which the performances can take place in case the weather is unpropitious, they might endeavour to improve the quality and increase even the quantity of their orchestra of about twenty-three players, so ably conducted by Miss Iris Lemare?

W. J. TURNER

OUT OF SILENCE

I HAVE been silent too long
A man in a glass tower
Spun of alcohol and dreams
Strong only for an hour.

My theme, childhood and youth,
Seemed unapproachable;
There was always time
And time in which to tell.

So the book I spoke about
The book that was to raise a shout
Remained unwritten; conflicts worse
Passed without issue in verse.

I write now hastily
Drawing together
A personality tied with string
Against the bitter weather.

I should have been among
The advocates of life;
I approached an early death,
A sanctuary from strife.

The poet's gift is born of silences,
But there is the silence of inward growing,
There is the silence of retreat
Growing old without knowing.

And habit rules a wasted heart,
Lust conquers innocence;
For the poet without art
Music is drowned in sense.

Until my head has heavy grown
And passing a window glass
I flee with startled eyes
The features of an ass.

I have said Yes when it should have been No,
I have listened to some praise,
Believing that the time would come
When I would justify my days.

It is late already; my April's out
And from a circumstance of sorrow
I raise my speaking head
To address a wry to-morrow.

G. W. STONIER

THE MOVIES

Shipyard Sally, at the Tivoli.
Retour à l'Aube, at Studio One.
The Rich Bride, The March of Time, at the Forum.

THIS is a poor week for new films. *Shipyard Sally* was my first glimpse of Gracie Fields, and is an easy way of getting to see the best-known artiste in the Empire, the woman who will be to the soldiers of the next war what Clara Butt, Violet Loraine, and Britannia herself were to the last. I found her very interesting, an actress with three selves, London, Lancashire, and Imperial. The Imperial Gracie Fields sings in a powerful, rather sharp, but absolutely official voice, the Songs that Made England. Her *Annie Laurie* is like the *Mauretania* or the cover of *Punch* or the Needles, something you may or may not like, but which it would be impossible to imagine different. I am sure her *Land of Hope and Glory* is equally correct. The Lancashire Gracie Fields is disingenuous. It is curious how in real life the women who are good pals, who seem full of pluck and Hemingway mateyness, always make everyone very unhappy, and the "jannock" side of our Gracie suggests the aggressive and even the acquisitive instincts. But the London Miss Fields is an accomplished comic actress who comes on as an agreeable surprise; and there are mysterious glimpses of a gaunt and rather grim woman who isn't pretty and doesn't care. *Shipyard Sally* is one of the usual English messes, a miserably unreal story, in which the script can never make up its mind if it is a musical comedy or a Powerful Drama. Like much English humour, it is in execrable taste. This English humour is really a synonym for fear, fear of life, fear of death, fear of anti-fascism, fear of sentiment, intelligence, sex, a cosy English fear of anything and everything; there is plenty of fear in this film, and a large dose of snobbery. Baby food for knowing babies. Horrible. Why do rich artists allow themselves to be seen in this kind of picture? There should be a special letter B after every film with a Butler in it. Then we should be warned.

These English films I find growing more sinister, they are a kind of decadence, not romantic *fin de siècle* decadence, but a drooling softening of the brain in a still majestic carcase. The people who write them and produce them, who act in them and go to see them, who have lost all respect for, and knowledge of, the workings of the head or heart, seem an omen, part of the writing on the wall. The *March of Time* on the Japanese war is on till Saturday evening. It is a terrifying piece of work, a glimpse of the yellow termites who are gnawing away at civilisation: and the Gaumont British News, with its star cast of royal princesses and giant Pandas—they are, I am afraid, the great glucose of the West, the pulp on which the termites feed. And the Oxford accent is growing diabetic; one expects the audience to shudder instead of to applaud when the American commentator of the *March of Time*, an announcer who seems already to have had his adenoids out, and his first cricket bat, uses his ringing voice to castigate Japanese aggression.

The Rich Bride at the Forum is an enthralling piece of Russian incompetence. As propaganda it is grotesque, as photography negligible, as musical comedy non-existent. The screen seems often in total darkness, through which glimmer an occasional tractor, the Black earth and teeming mothers of Ukraine. I thought for a long time it was a parody, but no, it is the genuine Russian article and quite modern. Except for the worship of the Tractor it reminds one of 1907, very early slapstick, a hero and heroine running much too fast, a man chasing another for comic relief, and cries of "Tractor," "Thunder," "The Corn," "Quick the Tractor"—which end in a prize-giving ceremony under Stalin's portrait. To one a bicycle, to another a banner, to some more a certificate, for good work on the Collective Farm. A more imbecile production than could have been made thirty years ago in the Middle West round the arrival of a T-model.

Retour à l'Aube is an excellent film. It stars Danielle Darrieux as she should be, not in an historical role, but as a simple young comic actress of remarkable depth. Her face, with that look of plump northern French wit and sadness is Renaissance, like a Clouet, or a song of Ronsard; her voice is delicious, her acting admirable. In this film she is the wife of the station-master in a Hungarian village, but is swept from her geese and melons to the delights of Budapest. She misses the evening train—the missing of trains should almost be censored from the film, as too strong meat for nervous people, especially when the missing of one makes, as in this case, the difference between virtue and vice, innocence and disillusion. She stays on for one night in which she sees enough of male cupidity, lust, disloyalty, and cruelty (including a Vice Squad whose faces seem infected by every attribute of the class they are paid to suppress) to last a lifetime. This film has dignity and poetry, it is ethically correct (we even sympathise with the husband waiting at home), and there are moments, as when Danielle Darrieux sings a peasant song, drunk in her first night-club, that give one hope for the cinema as Art again. There is nothing outstanding in the direction or photography of the picture, it is based on true values, human, dramatic, and aesthetic, and on the old conception of Comedy which the English have lost.

CYRIL CONNOLLY

THE COMING WEEK

SATURDAY, August 5th—
Fabian Summer School, Dartington Hall, nr. Totnes. Until Sept. 2nd.

MONDAY, August 7th—
Labour Fete, Thaxted Vicarage Garden. Speakers include John Sussex and Harold Laski. 3.
Malvern Drama Festival. Until Sept. 2nd.
"May-Day," Richmond.
"Housemaster," Coliseum.

Correspondence

DEPORTATION OF BRITONS

SIR,—There is something very surprising that so little notice should have been taken of the most remarkable feature of the Prevention of Violence legislation, its failure to respect a fundamental principle of high practical importance.

The general principle of the Act, the right to expel or prohibit the entrance of persons suspected of criminal intentions aimed at the separation of Northern Ireland from the Crown of the United Kingdom, in its application to Dominion nationals and foreign subjects seems capable of easy defence. But the case as regards British subjects by reason of birth in Scotland or England, who still retain British nationality, is surely quite different. How can it be justifiable to ask other countries to accept them if expelled or denied entry into Great Britain?

This country is constantly confronted with the difficulty of aliens whom it desires to deport. So far it has been able to argue with a certain amount of effect that a country ought to accept back its nationals, and this principle seems to accord with common sense and justice. But we are now by Act of Parliament proclaiming *urbi et orbi* that the Home Secretary may send from Great Britain, and refuse the entry into it, of any person suspected of criminal intentions if he has not been for the last twenty years ordinarily resident in Great Britain, although he was born in Great Britain, remains a British subject, and has been absent for some laudable purpose, such as the service of the Crown or the promotion of British economic interests. It might be added that to make the question of residence dependent on the mere opinion of the Minister is very curious, but the essential point is that it is contrary to all sound principle for this country to refuse to accept the burden of dealing in its own limits with persons born in Great Britain, and to claim the right to expel or refuse entry.

It seems to me probable that very few, if any, such cases would in practice arise, so that to take the power has not the excuse of paramount public interest. But in any case the matter should be seriously considered and its importance realised, and, so far as I can see, the debates in Parliament show no appreciation of the complete difference of the cases of Irish nationals and persons whose British nationality is due to birth in Great Britain.

University of Edinburgh. A. BERRIEDALE KEITH

LIBERTY AND VIOLENCE

SIR,—My Council, while strongly condemning acts of terrorism, is compelled to point out that the Prevention of Violence (Temporary Provisions) Act contains provisions which are capable of grave misuse. It is not disputed that some Emergency Powers are needed, but it must be borne in mind that persons concerned in the preparation or instigation of acts of violence, and those who harbour such persons, were already liable under the existing law to a charge of criminal conspiracy. If their guilt were proved by judicial process they could be punished by imprisonment, but if the evidence against them was not such as would satisfy a court of law it was clearly dangerous that powers should be given to the Executive, by which it can determine a man's "guilt" while he is denied access to the courts.

The main provisions of the Act will be known to your readers. One of the chief dangers lies in the fact that the orders issued by the Secretary of State will be issued if he is "reasonably satisfied" that the suspected person is one who, under the provisions of the Act, should be deported, should be excluded from this country or should be compelled to register with the police. The grounds, however, on which the Secretary of State is thus "reasonably satisfied" cannot be tested in a court of law.

Although penalties may be imposed for breaches of the provisions relating to expulsion, prohibition or registration orders, there can be no appeal to judicial authority against the validity or justice of those orders, which will be arbitrarily issued by the Secretary of State, subject only to a so-called "appeal" to a nominee of the Secretary of State.

The fact that the Act is intended as a temporary measure means nothing at all. So was the Special Powers (Northern Ireland) Act, which was passed in 1922 for one year, was renewed annually for many years and has now been incorporated as a permanent part of the Law of Northern Ireland. And so, in fact, was Income Tax when first introduced.

There have been other attempts to undermine the rule of law in post-war legislation. It is a matter for regret and misgiving, not that terrorists are possibly subjected to harsh treatment (they have "asked for it") but that innocent suspects are denied trial in a court of law. But, above all, it is gravely disturbing that the Act is clearly designed to turn the courts into a mechanism for ensuring observance of the unchallengeable orders of the Executive.

RONALD KIDD,
Secretary

The National Council for Civil Liberties,
Morley House, 320 Regent Street, W.1.

ULSTER AND THE I.R.A.

SIR,—If any Ulster Unionist had written you a letter about the Free State, containing so many misstatements as were packed into Miss Margaret Barrington's extraordinary effusion about Ulster in your issue of July 15th, Captain Henry Harrison would not have let him off as lightly as he lets her off. Instead of a heavily humorous reference to her use of "the technique of an impressionist painter rather than that of a dry-as-dust statistician," we should have had denunciation and abuse. Miss Barrington, who handles figures as if they were bombs, put into a single paragraph more inaccurate assertions than I should have thought was humanly possible. Here are some examples of them:

(1) Tyrone, Derry, South Down and parts of Fermanagh are mainly Catholic and Nationalist, and owing to the larger families of the Catholics, the small margin the Protestant Unionists possess is constantly threatened.

(2) The Ulster Protestants of the North hold their power through terrorism, the jerrymandering of elections, and *the driving out of the Catholic Nationalist population.* (The italics are Miss Barrington's.)

(3) In a country where there is a large Catholic population, there is not one Catholic judge. Nor one important Catholic official.

The first of these assertions contradicts itself flatly. The territories she names are, she says, "mainly Catholic and Nationalist," yet "the Protestant Unionists" possess "a small margin" which is "constantly threatened" with extinction "owing to the larger families of the Catholics" who have been "driven out." As an example of the technique of the impressionist painter, sir, that series of assertions is unmatchable. Perhaps Miss Barrington or Captain Harrison, or some other eminent impressionist, will condescend to a few dry-as-dust statistics and tell your readers exactly how many Catholics and Nationalists and Protestants and Unionists there are in these territories.

What does Miss Barrington, in her second assertion, mean by "terrorism"? If individuals in a community proclaim their intention not only to resist the law, but to overthrow the Government, by violence, if necessary, what does Miss Barrington expect that Government to do? Let itself be blown to pieces? If the Protestants of the South of Ireland had acted towards the established authority of that community as certain individual Catholics and Republicans have behaved in Ulster, neither Mr. Cosgrave nor Mr. De Valera would have made any bones about treating them with the greatest rigour. As to the "jerrymandering" of constituencies, will Miss Barrington tell us why it is wicked of Lord Craigavon to abolish proportional representation, an electoral system which is not generally approved by Socialists in Great Britain, but right for Mr. De Valera to threaten that he will abolish it if the electors do not give him the majority he demands? How many Catholic representatives have been "jerrymandered" out of the Northern Parliament? We are sometimes told that the late Joseph Devlin's constituency was "jerrymandered." Was he displaced from Stormont by any other agency than death? Even if it were true that electoral areas have been rigged to the disadvantage of Catholics, why should any Catholic complain of that when those of their sect who have been elected to Parliament decline to recognise the Government or to attend at Stormont except to take the Oath of Allegiance, not out of zeal for the Crown, but because they cannot draw allowances until they *have* taken it. These gentlemen deliberately disfranchise their constituents, though they do not disdain the emoluments of representation, and then howl to heaven because there are not more of them to follow their example.

Why is it, if the Catholic population has been driven out of Ulster, that it has steadily increased in Belfast since 1861, when it numbered 41,406 persons? According to the latest figures, those for 1937, the Catholic population in Belfast now numbers 104,372 persons. If we restrict our inquiry into the number of Catholics in Belfast to the last three census returns, which cover the period during which the Catholics are said to have been driven out of Ulster, we find that there were 93,243 Catholics in Belfast in 1911; 95,682 in 1926; and 104,372 in 1937. This is a queer kind of *driving out.* Mr. Ewart Milne, whose letter in your last issue is even more puerile than Miss Barrington's, might exercise his mind on the fact that, while the total population in the Six Counties has slightly increased since the last census, the total population in the Free State has slightly decreased. The religious statistics for the whole of Ulster are not yet available, but it is a significant fact that, while the number of Catholics in Belfast has increased since the last census, the number of Protestants in the Free State has alarmingly declined. The number of "all other religions" than Roman Catholic in that community, according to the 1936 census, is less by 26,223 than it was when the previous census was taken.

Miss Barrington's reckless statement that "there is not one Catholic judge" in Ulster, "nor one important Catholic official," could not have been made by any person possessing the most elementary knowledge of the facts. The first Lord Chief Justice appointed by the Northern Government, the late Denis Henry, was a Roman Catholic. So is the present County Court Judge of Tyrone. Mr. Milne, determined to have it all ways, is convinced that these judges were appointed only because they were Tory Unionists, and not because they were Republicans. But why does this simple-minded gentleman suppose that a Government should appoint to the judiciary a person whose chief desire is to abolish the Government? Would Mr. Stalin give judicial office to a Royalist who was resolved to blow the Communists out of Russia? I do not know, nor do I care, what is the division of parliamentary and municipal appointments between Protestants and Roman Catholics. The offices should go, and do go, to those who, irrespective of their religion or the place of their origin in the British Islands, are qualified by their ability to hold them. The Northern Irish Civil Servants would rightly resent any inquiry into their religious beliefs, and none, so far as I can ascertain, is made. I shall not, therefore, I trust, be regarded as poking my nose into what is not my concern when I say that the post in the Northern Government which I consider to be the key position of the entire Civil Service, namely, that of the Permanent Secretary of the Ministry of Education, is held by an extremely able Roman Catholic, Mr. A. N. Bonaparte Wyse, who, being now sixty-seven years of age, is about to retire. Mr. Wyse might have retired at an earlier date, but, at the urgent request, I believe, of Lord Craigavon, he remained in the office he has administered with such conspicuous success.

Mr. Ewart Milne's crude and silly letter calls for little comment. It may best be estimated by its final passage in which he states: "that, like Miss Barrington, I am a Southern Irishman." Miss Barrington is indisputably a woman, and she took the trouble to tell your readers that she "was born and schooled in Ulster." His citation of political platform oratory, in total disregard of the circumstances in which it was uttered, will not impress intelligent people, especially those of them who remember what fierce remarks have been uttered on political platforms by Free State Ministers in recent years. Did not one of them threaten, a short time ago, to "use the lead" on Ulster? Mr. De Valera himself, in less heady circumstances, asserted last February, that he would, if he could, use force to "rescue" the "suffering" Catholics of Ulster from Lord Craigavon's fearful tyranny. His latest proposal, made in the Dail on July 26th, is to ask "the 800,000 people in the north-east of Ireland" to say "whether they are English or Irish"—they will probably reply that they are neither, that they are Ulstermen—and he thinks that "the most useful" method of solving the problem of Partition will be "a scheme for buying" the 800,000 Protestant Ulstermen out of their nationality. This is a revival of a fatuous proposal which I heard him make in New York in 1920, when he suggested that the industrialists of Ulster would be asked either to accept him as their ruler or take a lump sum in payment of their businesses and clear out of the country! Was there ever a dafter suggestion? This is the "statesman" whose authority Ulster men and women are to accept on pain of being expelled, with a small bonus, from their native land!

I am sorry to have to inflict so long a letter on you, but the letters of Miss Barrington, Captain Harrison and Mr. Milne are of a sort that Ulstermen are accustomed to expect in your columns. You yourself, sir, habitually adopt an attitude of antipathy towards the Northern Government of Ireland and its supporters, an attitude which is plainly seen in the gramophonic assertions made by "Critic" about them in your last issue. I suggest that you might occasionally give Lord Craigavon's Government credit for the enormous improvement it has made in, among other services, that of education. Mr. Dillon, in March, told the Dail that many of the schools in rural Eire were "dirty little dog-kennels" and "bandboxes" and he urged the members of the Dail "to go to Northern Ireland and look at the type of schools they have there." A Labour leader, Mr. William McMullen, in December, after informing a Dublin audience that many of the Catholics in the North "were opposed to coming in with the South" because "they benefited from the better social services available for them under the 'step-by-step with Britain' policy," went on to tell his listeners that "social services in Eire must be made at least as good as those in the North."

When Miss Barrington has recovered from her attack of impressionistic politics, she might ponder over the fact that the number of Post Office Savings Bank accounts in Ulster have risen from 63,012 in 1932–33 to 81,539 in 1936–37, the average balance per account having risen in the same time from £18 14s. to £25 9s. These figures are not such as one expects to find in a province rent by sectarian strife and tyranny, from which large masses of its population have been driven. ST. JOHN ERVINE

Honey Ditches, Seaton, Devon.

ORGANISATION OF REFUGEES

SIR,—The letters from Professor Bentwich and Mr. Nicholson prove that I have failed to produce the uncontroversial statement about refugee work in England which—Heaven forgive me—I had hoped to write.

Professor Bentwich is, of course, justified in emphasising the work done by Jewish organisations in England and the United States in sending Jews direct from Germany to Palestine and other countries. I did not mention this activity of the Council of German Jewry because I was dealing purely with the English side of refugee work. What worried me more was that Professor Bentwich should differ so completely with me about the prospects of saving the Jews in Czecho-Slovakia. I based my pessimistic remark on the belief that—(1) by far the greater part of the four millions granted by the British Government was already earmarked for the emigration and settlement (at over £200 a head) of the refugees, mostly politicals and Sudeten Germans, who left the country before the *Einmarsch* or slipped into Poland subsequently, and of the Jews, now recognised as refugees, who have already made their way to England; (2) future emigration from Czecho-Slovakia would be limited for financial reasons to a tiny percentage, and these, chosen in co-operation with the Gestapo-controlled Institute at Prague, would be mostly Jews from whom the Germans could filch something before they go. No one would be more pleased than myself to be shown that I am wrong.

I am at a disadvantage in dealing with Mr. Nicholson's letter. For some reason I did not see my article in proof. My sentence about the Baldwin Fund is not English. It seems to have developed a redundant "of." It was not intended as a sneer, but as a statement of fact. I should like to make my point quite clear.

The Fund was sponsored by Lord Baldwin. Mr. Nicholson is an M.P. of unimpeachable Conservatism. The other officers belong, I believe, to the same political faith. To the general public the Fund was essentially a product of that wealthy conservatism which rules England from both Houses of Parliament. By contrast the Spanish relief funds were sponsored and administered by individuals known to be keen opponents of the Government's Spanish policy, and certainly not pillars of what Mussolini calls our "pluto-democracy." The political and social bias which did not matter in the second case, was fatal in the first. Mr. Nicholson probably does not understand the immense if negative influence which he wields from the Chairmanship both of the Baldwin Fund Executive and of the Christian Council, thus covering the entire field of *Non-Jewish* activities in German refugee work. Those elements in England, which are keenly pro-refugee because they sympathise with any victim of Nazi rule, mostly distrust Lord Baldwin and his friends. They have been discouraged by the general atmosphere in which relief work is being done. There has been nothing corresponding to the movement which produced over a million pounds for Spanish relief, almost entirely in small sums, and which has continued loyally supporting a losing cause.

I made no criticism of the administration of the Fund, but merely argued that while making it impossible to launch other appeals, the Fund had produced a sum quite inadequate even for a temporary solution of the Jewish refugee problem. Organisations, some of which Mr. Nicholson mentions, have produced their budgets, waited for months, and then received well under ten per cent. of their requirements. The only criticism which the organisers of the Fund are likely to receive is that implied by the present wide-spread apathy towards, and ignorance about, the work being done for Central European refugees. G. T. GARRATT

Bishopsteignton House,
Nr. Teignmouth, S. Devon.

NATIONAL PERSONALITY

SIR,—M. E. Mitchell and Daphne Nicol, Lady Novelists (*sic*), point out wisely enough that it is men and not women who are willing to die for abstractions. Abstractions are dangerous, and rarely possess more than a grain of sense. May I quote from a leading article appearing in your issue of July 22nd?

> Russia desired . . . Britain wished . . . Moscow replied . . . Germany's tactics . . . Great Britain has now withdrawn . . . Moscow also asked . . .

I suggest, as courteously as possible, that you do not know what you are talking about. This animistic attributing to a nation a will and intelligence apart from those of its component members is so nearly universal that naturally I must seem to be tilting at a windmill. But for years I have held it wrong for Christians to anthropomorphise God, and to be fair I must, therefore, hold it wrong for THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, or anyone else, to anthropomorphise Russia, Moscow, Germany, Britain, and so on. Certainly there is something hateful going on in Europe to-day, but if I hate Germany I have a feeling that I am hating obscure cobblers in Berlin back streets, and innocent peasants turning the soil somewhere on the banks of the Rhine. Being young, and a stranger in this world, I am quite ready to hate, but like most of my generation I am determined to be as just about it as I can. Whenever my grandmother discusses world affairs she talks exclusively of "that horrid Hitler," "Mr. Chamberlain," "the dreadful Deuce" (Duce!), and although I do not claim that this proves, as perhaps the Lady Novelists would have it, that she sees Heaven in a wild flower, or that she holds infinity in the palm of her hand, nevertheless, I cannot help feeling that her grasp on political realities is far stronger than yours.

You people who send corporate existences to the round table, or set them at one another's throats, lack even the saving grace of consistency. You say that Germany is being aggressive! All right, when war breaks out I shall take up a rifle and set out

to look for Germany. When I find it I shall shoot it right between its corporate eyes. Does that satisfy you? But, of course not. You talk gaily about Germany desiring this, and Moscow doing that, but if there is a war you want me to kill Otto Schmidt or Franz Müller. There would be no need to kill these real persons if the world started in to kill some of its own abstractions, if allegedly intelligent men could be made to realise that nine-tenths of their abstract talk was utter nonsense. For goodness' sake let us begin to be sensible about international affairs. You cannot define a nation any more than I, but at least you can make some serious effort to determine where the responsibility for a nation's conduct properly lies, and carry on your discussions in terms that are comprehensible and fair. I think my generation is growing weary of you older men, with your political abracadabras.

13 Walpole Street, Chelsea, S.W.3. GEOFFREY READING

[Our correspondent makes a point of great importance, but scarcely does justice to this journal. The personification of nations is an evil; we have striven constantly to avoid it by emphasising that the policy of the Nazi Party is not willed by the mass of Germans and that Mr. Chamberlain and his colleagues only represent part of the British public, and that there are in every country group and class conflicts. We have also urged more strongly than Mr. Reading does that war will achieve none of its ostensible objects, will end in revolution of some kind everywhere and that in any case, the "older men" who have failed to organise a decent world will be swept away in the near future. But in a discussion of diplomatic negotiations no one is deceived by the phrases quoted by our correspondent. Russia, Britain and Germany in this context clearly denote the present Governments of those countries.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

FIRST AID FOR ARTISTS

SIR,—Mr. Raymond Mortimer, as so often, is absolutely right. The world of painters and sculptors is a distressed area, all over Great Britain, without any assistance from unemployed benefits, health services or even outdoor relief. Architects—and there has been in the last fifteen years a great revival in British architecture—have been saved from poverty or starvation by the immense expenditure on public and private building, which has enabled the profession to experiment with incalculable advantage to architecture as a fine art. And the result is that this continuous competition in experiment has given hundreds of architects a chance to show what they could do. Even more important, it has taught the public as a whole to use their eyes, to criticise and to judge. The painter and the sculptor have had no such chance. High taxation, estate duties, mechanical recreation (through the cinema and the wireless), the enormous growth of flats, with their restricted space, the daily photographs in all our newspapers, the motor car and so forth have all combined to make the purchase of pictures a luxury, which it is almost a national duty to forego.

Painting and sculpture, as the history of art indisputably proves, can only flourish on two conditions: a large number of painters and sculptors who will compete in producing good, mediocre and bad work: a public that encourages and judges this continuous competition. The first condition implies that painters and sculptors can at least earn a minimum standard of subsistence; the second, that there is a public which has learned to use its eyes and to judge. It will, of course, often judge wrongly, as it did in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries in Italy, because such a public does not create great painters or sculptors, it only creates the atmosphere and environment in which great painters can develop. Neither of these two conditions exist to-day in Great Britain. But if there was a capital fund of say £250,000 (one-tenth of the cost of a third-class cruiser, which will be obsolete in ten years) the income of which was spent in buying exclusively painting or sculpture produced since 1920, the purchases to be annually exhibited and then given free to public galleries, we could, I am confident, restore modern painting and sculpture in ten years to their indispensable place in any British civilisation worth the name.

CHARLES GRANT ROBERTSON

THE ARMED FORCES AND RELIGION

SIR,—An important issue, on which I hope you will allow me to make some remarks, seems to be raised by a report, referring to the new militia, that "attendance at church parades is to be compulsory, and will be regarded in every way as of equal importance as is the case in the Regular Army."

This, of course, is a matter which people will be inclined to approach with prepossessions arising from their personal theological beliefs; but to do so would be a mistake, as the matter is essentially one of fair play and tolerance. It is, one recognises, needful for full provision to be made for religious needs of members of the Crown forces, whether volunteers or conscripts. When, however, it is a question of compulsion in this matter, the issue becomes one of whether or not the traditional liberty of conscience of Englishmen is to continue as before.

When the recruitment of the armed forces was on a purely voluntary basis, it might be argued that each member thereof, when enlisting, knew the regulations and accepted them of his free will. I do not think that that contention was really a sound one; but it loses all force now that all young men of one age (which, unless conscription is repealed, eventually will mean all young men) are compulsorily recruited. If the rule of at least nominal membership of some religious body (followed by compulsory church-parades) is enforced on conscripts, freedom of opinion on religious subjects is virtually denied, at one period of their lives, to the male population. In my opinion, this is a matter of utmost and most urgent gravity. It is not a question of whether we believe, or not, in religion. That is not the issue at all. The point is that, if things stay as now, the British boast, that it treasures freedom of belief, will be largely nullified. I see that, in its July 27th issue, your excellent religious contemporary the Free Church *Christian World*, in a leading article, draws attention to the gravity of the matter. It comes to this: Are we to keep up full freedom of conscience, or not? I am sure that wise members of the Churches will see the need of some alteration which will answer this question in the affirmative: for, even if we pass over the real issue of fairness, it must be admitted that in the long run compulsion never benefits religion.

64 Sotheby Road, Highbury, London, N.5. J. W. POYNTER

TESTING THE SHELTERS

SIR,—If Professor J. B. S. Haldane's gallant offer to sit in an experimentally bombed Government A.R.P. shelter is accepted, may I suggest, unless it would add too much to his ordeal, that he should be accompanied by the two men who more than anybody else are responsible for, and invite our confidence in, the Government's A.R.P. policy—Sir John Anderson and the Prime Minister.

Bucks. M. NEWFIELD

DOUBLE SHELL is the ONLY oil used and recommended by HUMBER, HILLMAN and SUNBEAM-TALBOT

Current Literature

THE SNAKE AND THE PIGEON

THE wind was stormy, turning up the underside of the leaves and making the trees bend. A. and B. looked up the path leading to the Downs, thought of the gale sweeping over them and went the other way across the cow pasture. Over the post and rail fence a strip of rough grazing runs by the wood: a spring rises there among beds of rushes which has been dug out to make a sheep dip. Twenty years before B. had often bathed there and had once stood in it with a child riding on his shoulders as the model for a picture. As he looked at the place he saw the sheep dip had been changed: it must have silted up and been dug out in a different place and already it was silting up again. A. was too young to remember the old sheep dip and B. did not speak of standing in the water, since the naked child that rode on his shoulders was now a man of fifteen stone. B. knew that too many memories obscure the present which is a better world to live in than the past. If he lived in the past he would bore the young, for they have no place in it. He had a vivid memory, particularly of trivial events connected with places, so that he could have talked for hours about what had happened in one field. But one cannot be looking through the old albums of one's mind forever. Looking at the sheep dip, thinking it far inferior to the previous one, he was more than half in the past, while A. was partly in the future thinking of what was going to happen that afternoon. Suddenly A. and B. found themselves completely in the present, for almost under their feet on the damp green herbage a grass snake was throwing itself rapidly from side to side in long curves. "Look! Look!" cried A., and they gazed in admiration at its swift and violent efforts to escape. Before it vanished B. took it up and they looked at its arrow-shaped head and its little black tongue and watched how its flanks wrestled with B.'s fingers. "Let's take it back and put it in the pool," he said. "Wouldn't it eat the goldfish?" asked A. This was the one question B. could not answer about grass snakes, so he made no reply. He thought that the snake was beginning to smell. "Can you smell it?" he asked. A. did not know that grass snakes can emit an offensive odour, and could smell nothing. B. came to the conclusion that the snake might eat goldfish, so he put it into the water and they watched it swim under the weeds and then saw it swimming on the far side of the sheep dip. It was a young snake, probably a year old, and they liked the certainty with which it swam. A. sniffed the hand which had held the snake. "Oh yes! It's like some sort of plant." B. sniffed: there was a faint familiar snake stink which resembled metal polish and dirty brass.

The sky was full of big clouds packed close together. A. pointed to the Downs, where a band of sunlight was crossing the beech-wood hanger in the hollow side of the hill. But the light had gone before B. looked, so they waited until another strip of sunshine came racing along from the West. When it reached the hanger, the tops of the trees changed from a sullen green to a sparkling sea of gold and of little shadows. Then the next cloud shadow came and it was dark. They went into the wood, which was preserved, but they soon left it to enter a field in which they were annoyed by numbers of young pheasants which ran in front of them. "I hate pheasants," said A. "I hate pheasants," said B. "Except roast," he added. "I love them roast. I could never get tired of them. I cannot understand people who get tired of roast pheasant," said A. Directly they had begun talking about roast pheasant, the living birds went away without A. or B. noticing their departure. They went on talking about eating other birds, the sun came out and they went into a field with three shire horses, which came cantering up to meet them. Each horse had a dark bay coat which glistened and had darker dapplings, almost black, about the loins. Each had a huge white blaze down its face, an expression of inquisitive excitement in its eyes, and thick ropes of tangled hair hanging beside its bony face. All three horses were extraordinarily alike. They stared and A. and B. stared until suddenly they saw that there were mushrooms in the field and A. ran to them and began pulling them eagerly out of the grass. She liked to feel their firm and yet soft flesh and said: "I think picking mushrooms is the most delightful sensation in the world." Looking for more mushrooms they separated. A. ran eagerly about the field, B. wandered more slowly, noticing the sheets of white clover and patches of bird's-foot trefoil which made him think of beekeeping. When they met at the far end of the field and climbed over the gate, it seemed to both of them that they had been separated for a very long time. A. lay down almost at once in the new field, but B. did not like the place and persuaded her to move. Picking mushrooms had tired her, so they walked slowly to an oak under which they intended to sit down. But before they reached the oak, B. suddenly saw a pigeon in the grass. It was a wounded bird which was shamming dead, but when it found itself discovered, it sprang away, thrashing with its wings. Three times it eluded B., but at last he laid his stick over its back, picked it up and held it gently. Its eye was very bright and the iris curiously pale, its feathers were fine and well-ordered and it was strong. For its size it was stronger than one of the huge shire horses they had stared at. Because of the life in it, it was very beautiful, so that A. and B. were both, for the moment, astonished, and at the same time full of pity. For a moment they each felt that they must somehow save the pigeon because it was so strong and so beautiful alive. The day before they had eaten pigeon pie, made of birds which had been killed when this one was wounded, but pigeon-pie was forgotten and it was horrible that pigeons should be hurt. But they saw that the joint of the left wing had been broken, and feeling the fractured bones grit together, B. knew that it would not fly again. "I had better kill it," he said, and holding it by the feet he stretched the bird and felt the vertebrae suddenly come apart and the head like something at the bottom of a stocking. The pigeon moved its wings feebly; it was dead, and a bare eyelid, without any feathers on it, crept slowly across each brilliant eye. B. laid the pigeon and the handkerchief of mushrooms in the grass and they sat down on the bank with their backs to the oak, in the shelter of the hedge. The wind coming over it tore at the contorted branches of the oak. There were many dead boughs like bare bone; some were much decayed and looked as though they might fall, but B. was so fascinated by the wind, and the blue sky, that nothing would make him move. A. was thinking about the people who make a fuss about killing animals. She understood their feelings so well, but she disliked the fuss and the intent emotional horror. "People cannot reject the world they live in. Simplicity is so much better," she thought. Then she listened to the wind in the oak which sounded like a rough sea sucking and pounding on a shingle beach. The wind tore and shook the tree, so that even its trunk trembled, but it could not tear one of the leaves from its twig. A rabbit coming across the field found itself a few yards from A. and B. and sat rigid until A. turned her head. The pigeon lay tumbled in the grass: a glossy green fly crept under the feathers to lay its eggs. The white patch on the bird's neck looked exactly the texture of oil paint, and there was a shining iridescence at the back of the neck. The short scaly legs were as clear a red as currants. B. would have sat under the oak for ever, but A. became restless, and they walked back to the house and showed the bird and the mushrooms in triumph at the lunch table. "If we had only brought back the snake," said B. Just as the life of the pigeon was extinct so their feeling of sympathy and realisation of its life was extinct also. The pigeon was a heap of ruffled feathers and must go in the larder. The bird's life was over: it already belonged to the past while the snake swam steadily and strongly in their minds into the future.

DAVID GARNETT

LEONARDO

Leonardo da Vinci. An Account of his Development as an Artist. By KENNETH CLARK. *Cambridge University Press.* 21s.

Leonardo has caught the imagination all too successfully, and we see him, like the founder of a religion, or Vergil in the Middle Ages, through a tissue of legends, conjectures and sentimentalities. "A standing refutation," he is called in this book, "of the comfortable belief that all great men are simple;" and eyelids that are a little weary, the first flying-machine and the counterpane found inside the bust of Flora, have combined to confuse the issue and aggravate the enigma. The first quality, therefore, that one wants in a book about Leonardo is judiciousness: Sir Kenneth uses his erudition to distinguish scrupulously between established facts and interesting hypotheses. On this foundation he proceeds to illuminate the nature of Leonardo's art, and to assess its historical importance.

We begin with "the two traditions which divided Florentine art of the fifteenth century."

> One of these is the tradition of linear grace and fancy, the tradition of Lorenzo Monaco, Fra Filippo and Botticelli; the other is the tradition of scientific naturalism founded by Masaccio and kept alive in Leonardo's own day by his master, Verrocchio. . . . Leonardo, as we see from his drawings, belonged by nature to the first group. But by training he was of the second, and his powerful intellect led him to sympathise with the scientific approach.

In the *Adoration of the Kings* his sensibility is undimmed by his curiosity, and this picture, painted before he was thirty, remains, I think, his most beautiful achievement. He left it unfinished, perhaps wisely, and went to the Sforza court at Milan—which was a little like a modern Frenchman leaving the caustic rivalries of Paris to lord it in the unfastidious world of Los Angeles. Not that Leonardo surrendered to the materialism of the courtly *milieu*—on the contrary, he now pushed a sort of pictorial asceticism too far. Of the *Last Supper* Sir Kenneth writes:

> Let me confess that this imposition of classicism on his innate feeling for life always disturbs me. The apostles are too vital to be heroic, too large to be so animated.

Leonardo, as restless as Picasso, was working against his nature:

> For a Tuscan he was unusually devoid of the sense of abstract harmonies. . . . With Piero proportion was a function of the spirit, with Leonardo of the intellect. Piero could not have drawn two lines without giving them some harmonious relationship, just as Leonardo was almost incapable of drawing a line which had not the quality of organic life. Yet by sheer intellectual power, Leonardo was able to conquer this brand of art which was naturally foreign to him.

Here there seems some danger of confusion. The dichotomy between the linear and the three-dimensional traditions, referred to in the first quotation, is in no way identical with the dichotomy between "harmonious relationship" and "organic life." In the *Last Supper* Leonardo sacrificed vitality to the new Renaissance principles of design. In the *St. John* he sacrificed pictorial significance to literary sentiment. The two cases are not parallel, though on both occasions his innate aesthetic gifts were obstructed by his intellect and his passion for experiment.

Unfortunately we know the *Battle of Anghiari* only through copies of the central motive, and drawings. But Leonardo's command of "abstract harmonies" is conspicuous in the *Virgin and Child and St. Anne*. The Burlington House cartoon is spoiled, I think, by the suggestion of a bicephalous monster (for which Freud has a most ingenious explanation), but in the Louvre picture this has disappeared.

> By considerable distortion he has achieved a perfect balance throughout. The design has for me the outstanding quality of an elaborate fugue: like a masterpiece of Bach it is inexhaustible. We are always discovering new felicities of movement and harmony, growing more and more intricate, yet always subordinate to the whole.

In this picture the conflict between Leonardo's aesthetic, literary and scientific impulses is felicitously resolved. Otherwise it is in his drawings that one can best plumb the master's profundity and estimate his potentialities. Compare the ineffective Benois Madonna with the sketch for it—one of the loveliest drawings from the hand of man; or look at the Windsor *Nymph*—"A puff of wind has blown away the mist, and revealed this goddess as stately as an elm, as subtle as a Gothic Virgin."

There was in Leonardo "a constitutional dilatoriness, an inability to carry anything through without the intervention of a thousand experiments and afterthoughts" in which Sir Kenneth perceives "a disease of the will similar to that which ruins the magnificent intellect of Coleridge." A lack of the synthetic faculty too often made useless his insatiable appetite for information. Sir Kenneth conjectures that the "element of frustration" in him may have been due to his homosexuality. Walter Pater, who recognised in Leonardo, as in Winckelmann, his own feelings, sought characteristically to daintify the abnormality: he talked of "Leonardo's usual choice of pupils, men of some natural charm of person or intercourse like Salaino"; Sir Kenneth, from his knowledge of the drawings, describes Salaino less amiably—"the pretty boy with curling ringlets grows fatter and coarser and more complacent." Freud long ago detected in Leonardo the signs of a "mother fixation": that this neurosis was responsible for the variations in his approach to painting, and for his dilatoriness, is highly probable; and surely it is to blame for the something inhuman, disappointing and even displeasing that we find in his finished and best preserved works. In this book there is not much about Leonardo's mechanical contrivances, and it appears that these were less practical, or less original, than has often been supposed. But his importance in the history of painting has never previously, I think, been so strongly emphasised and substantiated. It is known that he climbed mountains to study the modification of colours by atmosphere; that he drew countless diagrams to establish the determinable boundaries of shadows on curved surfaces.

> In his use of light and shade Leonardo was the precursor of all subsequent European painting. Next to Giotto it was he who put it on the road which led it away from the other painting styles of the world.

Not less important than the invention of chiaroscuro, was his exploration of curved forms. The Anghiari cartoon, we are told, was "a romantic masterpiece—a precursor of Tintoretto, Rubens and Delacroix."

> The desire to lead the eye into the background by arranging the main lines diagonally to the picture plane and the theory that this movement should be achieved by smooth and continuous curves: these were to become essential qualities of Baroque.

If, then, it is difficult to like most of Leonardo's pictures—and, alas, there are very few of them either to like or to dislike—we

The Social Function of Science

J. D. BERNAL, F.R.S.

J. B. S. Haldane, F.R.S. "Indispensable to everyone who wishes to preserve and improve our civilisation."

Lancelot Hogben. "Of special interest to scientific workers, and to every student of contemporary social questions."

Nature. "Professor Bernal is to be congratulated alike on the width and balance of his survey."

The Spectator. "The testament of one of the few minds of genius in our time."

The Listener. "It will become the chief guide of thought on a profoundly important topic."

500 pages Appendices & Charts 12s. 6d. net

ROUTLEDGE

must remember how much his researches contributed to the achievements of Giorgione, Raphael, Correggio and Rembrandt. Painting is a science as well as an art.

Though Leonardo's historical importance can hardly be exaggerated, his immediate influence was often deplorable. Like Beethoven, he invented a whole, prodigiously rich, vocabulary that vastly amplified the possibilities of expression, and consequently of vulgarity. Sodoma and Luini might have been delightful painters, if they could have continued in the traditions of Foppa and Sassetta, uninfected by Leonardo. Of his disastrous pupils Sir Kenneth writes:

> He had provided them with a style, the true meaning of which they could not understand, and one which was particularly dangerous to mediocrities. A bad picture in the *quattrocento* style still has the merit of bright decorative colour; even its crudities may be a source of charm. A bad picture in the style of Leonardo is a horror of black shadows and squirming shapes.

There is no need to labour the point, for the danger of inventions outrunning the power of men to use them has become in our time a platitude and a nightmare.

There are a number of facts and comments that one would like to quote from this book. Thus it is interesting that Sir Kenneth believes the Berlin *Flora* to be a work from Leonardo's workshop, severely restored by Lucas. This is certainly a charming work, but it requires a highly expert eye to spot the *Cinquecento* forms below the Victorian wreath. He gives Vasari's description of the Mona Lisa, and adds "Red, rosy, tender, it might be the description of a Fragonard. Who would recognise the submarine goddess of the Louvre?" (Pater says: "Perhaps of all ancient pictures time has chilled it least.") He shows how severely the *Last Supper* has been restored, especially the heads: "the dramatic effect . . . must depend entirely on the disposition and general movement of the figures." He explains the use made by Raphael of Leonardo's designs, notably the pyramidal form obtained by adding the infant St. John to the Madonna and child. Functionalists will not like Leonardo's remark: "One cannot have beauty and utility together, as may be seen in men and fortresses." And I do not know how many modern painters will support by their habits his odd reason for considering their art nobler than the sculptor's:

> The marble dust flours him all over so that he looks like a baker; his back is covered with a mountain of chips, and his house is made filthy by the flakes and dust of stone. . . . The painter sits before his work, perfectly at his ease and well dressed, and moves a very light brush dipped in delicate colour; and he adorns himself with whatever clothes he pleases. His house is clean, etc.

This is a difficult book to summarise, because it is so packed with lively information and ideas. I know of no one alive who writes better about painting than the Director of the National Gallery. He reminds us that it is possible to combine erudition with elegance; he is not interested merely in Old Masters, he cares profoundly for Art; and the result is a book that will instruct the learned, and delight the rest of us. The Cambridge University Press is to be congratulated on the production, which includes sixty-eight excellent plates. My only complaint is that a few necessary illustrations have been omitted: one wants the *Belle Ferronnière* and the Louvre *Annunciation*, even if these were painted respectively by Boltraffio and Lorenzo di Credi.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

GORKI STORIES

A Book of Short Stories. By MAXIM GORKI. Edited by AVRAHIM YARMOLINSKY and MOURA BUDBERG. With a Foreword by ALDOUS HUXLEY. *Cape.* 10s. 6d.

Short story writers form a sort of democracy: when a man engages himself in this special field his stories stand to be judged first of all on their merits *as* stories, only later in their relation to the rest of his work. The more imposing the signature, the more this applies. The craft (it may be no more) of the short story has special criteria; its limitations are narrow and definite. It is in the building-up of the short story that the craftsman side of the artist has to appear. Very close demands on the writer's judgment are made; the short story is not a mere ease for the passing fancy; it offers no place for the unobjectified sentiment, for the impulsive start that could not be followed through. It must have implications which will continue when the story is done. It may be a *tour de force*, but it must not be a by-product; if it reads like a by-product it is so much waste. Its disadvantages are, an emotional narrowness that the writer would not permit himself in a longer work, a necessary over-simplification of characters, and a rather theatrical tensing-up of the dialogue—if there be dialogue. The writer who rates above all things verisimilitude and the all-round view, or who cannot sustain one mood till the writing rounds itself off, does better to leave the short story alone. It must be recognised that even in the short story of the greatest integrity there has to be a sort of concealed trick.

Serious writers have failed in the short story through either disdaining or failing to learn the trick. Gorki did not make this mistake. The stories in this collection show a virtuosity on a scale with his seriousness. Written over a period of thirty years, they have been arranged in chronological order; each shows an increase of pointedness and of velocity. In the later stories there is less action but a much greater tautness of mood: *Chelkash* (the first, 1894) deals wholly with action but loses some power through being diffuse and slack; *Karamora* (the last, 1924) concentrates what might be formless, a life-mood, into a miraculous piece of hard irony. It took high ability to get away with *Karamora*. Gorki's aim in the short story seems to have been philosophic portraiture: to this he made action subordinate. In the earlier stories, either from lack of craft or imperfectly realised purpose, he lets action get in his way, and at the same time overcasts, muddles or checks it. Later, he makes action perfectly illustrative. From, roughly speaking, 1900 on, the stories have at once movement and depth. Their apparent spareness allows a greater complexity. Gorki becomes a stricter artist as he becomes a more wide-natured man.

These are all hard-case stories, treated with a prevailing austerity of mood. Enough distinction cannot, these days, be made between austerity and "toughness." Toughness has a wet inverse, a maudlin streak; it is adolescent — austerity is adult. Gorki writes to invite judgment, and judgment is the bone and muscle of pity. The reaction to human suffering must be awe, first, not simply the good cry. Almost all the stories here show the deformation of major natural feelings by impossible circumstances: *Notch*, *Chums*, *Twenty-six Men and a Girl*, and *Lullaby* are outstanding examples of this. But they show, too, the strong tortuous upward growth of the spirit of man, that will not stay down—there is that other aspect of the magnificent *Lullaby;* there is *One Autumn Evening* and the last pages of *Red*. Again, in *One Autumn Evening*, *Birth of a Man* and *The Hermit*, the triumphant, however brief, summer or high tide of the spirit in the realisation of sexual love appears. Gorki identifies happiness, purity, dignity with the *generalised* moment, when man rises clear of his cramping individual consciousness to the full of his human height, forgetting himself. The individual, *qua* individual, only suffers, and suffers meanly enough. Any passion (including the passion of pity) is not a release merely, it is an apotheosis.

The attitude to power is, in these stories, unexpectedly neutral. Consciousness of power is a predicament, its misuse a catastrophe for the misuser. Power looms large in *Chelkash*, *Notch*, *Cain and Artyom:* its first victim is, the man who is wielding it. (Its more evident victims, down to the prison kitten, bow to oppression as to a natural force; the down-and-outs of the doss-house stiffen their backs beneath it: one of them says in a hoarse voice: "I am a man"). The predicament of the empowered person, in this Gorki underworld, is more closely examined than are the ethics of power. Petunikoff the merchant, in *Creatures that Once Were Men*, is the only instance of power from wealth; elsewhere, it is a matter of personality (as with the compelling *Chelkash* or the playboy convict *Notch*) or of disorientated brute strength (as with *Red* or with *Artyom*). Accident, in *Evil-Doers*, puts the complacent charcoal-burner in a key position that is fatal to him: he gets murdered for moralising to desperate men. Only *The Hermit* exercises power as painlessly, naturally as he sweats: this animal mystic, a sublime, very old man, who has been an incestuous father, unties neurotics by simply saying "My dear . . ." But he has to live alone. The implication throughout is, that the powerful person lives among his fellows in a torment of strained will.

In *Karamora*, renegade and police spy, the man with the double nature, we get, probably, Gorki's final exposition of crooked innocence. Karamora has vision, with one blind spot. He awaits death puzzled but not ashamed. Here the Russian genius is under analysis.

Gorki's descriptive passages are charged with emotion. At their best they have a poetic force; at their less happy they sag, weakening the form. Weather, with Gorki, is anthropomorphic, temperamentally part of the human scene. Mr. Aldous Huxley points out, in his Foreword, how much the limited flexibility of translators' English, the incurable lack of approximation in sound

Fabian Society

AUTUMN LECTURES

WHERE STANDS DEMOCRACY?

A course of lectures arranged by the Fabian Society, to be given during October and November, on Thursdays at 8.30 p.m., at FRIENDS' HALL, EUSTON ROAD, N.W.1.

1. Thursday, 19 October. **"CHANGES IN THE PARTY SYSTEM."**
   Lecturer: PROFESSOR HAROLD LASKI.
   Chairman: RT. HON. LORD ADDISON.

2. Thursday, 26 October. **"THE GROWTH OF NATIONALISM AND RACIAL IDEAS."**
   Lecturer: R. H. S. CROSSMAN.
   Chairman: VISCOUNTESS RHONDDA.

3. Thursday, 2 November. **"NEW POWERS OF PROPAGANDA AND REPRESSION."**
   Lecturer: HAMILTON FYFE.
   Chairman: LORD STRABOLGI.

4. Thursday, 9 November. **"THE UPRISING OF INDIAN AND COLONIAL PEOPLES."**
   Lecturer: LEONARD BARNES.
   Chairman: A. CREECH-JONES, M.P.

5. Thursday, 16 November. **"THE DECLINE OF CAPITALIST ENTERPRISE."**
   Lecturer: HENRI DE MAN.
   Chairman: G. D. H. COLE.

6. Thursday, 23 November. **"WAR AND PREPARATIONS FOR WAR."**
   Lecturer: K. ZILLIACUS.
   Chairman: To be announced.

Admission will be by ticket, for the course or each lecture separately. The price of tickets for numbered and reserved stalls is £1.1.0 for the course of six, or 5/- for a single lecture; for numbered back stalls and front rows of gallery seats, 12/- for the course or 3/- for a single lecture; for numbered back rows of stalls and gallery, 6/- for the course, or 1/6 for a single lecture. Members of the Fabian Society will be allowed a rebate of twopence in the shilling on the prices of course tickets only.

Applications for tickets and further particulars from:
THE FABIAN SOCIETY, 11 DARTMOUTH STREET, S.W.1.

An unemotional statement of the things that are happening to Man now and the immediate possibilities confronting him.

THE FATE OF HOMO SAPIENS

BY

H.G. WELLS

Small demy 8vo. 336 pages. 7s. 6d. net.

SECKER AND WARBURG

HEINRICH MANN

THE LAST DAYS OF HENRI QUATRE

TIMES LIT. SUPP. (Book of the Week) :—"His alert and expressive historical sense is evident in finely pictured scenes."

YORKSHIRE POST :—"Heinrich Mann is outstanding as a historical novelist."

MANCHESTER GUARDIAN :—"Has all the qualities that made the earlier volumes so remarkable a contribution to contemporary fiction."

Demy 8vo. 430 pages. 9s. 6d. net.

PHILIP HENDERSON

THE POET AND SOCIETY

A survey of modern critical theory, with an account of the Romantic Movement and a detailed analysis of the most outstanding poets of our time. *7s. 6d. net.*

SECKER AND WARBURG

and the finer sense, must blur some effects at which Gorki aimed, on which, for these stories, he must have often relied. The sensuous, super-rational elements in one language cannot but be lost in a transposition. Much of the writer's private magic goes. Actually, these translations (by different hands) read well; they are not guilty of quaintnesses or embarrassing slang. Inevitably, they drop, in sustained passages, into that sing-song that haunts translated Russian. The complexion of Gorki's prose is, in fact, lost, though its harder features appear. And this loss of sensuous bloom brings tricks—legitimate tricks—into prominence. After a few experiments, Gorki hit on a structure he used again and again. He over-used repetitions, he over-strained analogies. He is too quick on the heavily struck chord. Almost all the stories fade out into empty, dusk-ridden scenes: his endings comply with a formula. His sureness appears, in places, unsympathetic; it becomes too clear that he knows how to play his hand. But his faults are a master's faults. His limitations are those of a man who has learnt a technique too well: his greatness remains evident, for his vision is always ahead of his technique. He is more than adept, he is profoundly disciplined. These fifteen short stories rank very high. ELIZABETH BOWEN

WHEN LIGHTNING STRUCK THE IVORY TOWER

An Autobiography. By R. G. COLLINGWOOD. *Oxford University Press.* 7s. 6d.

When I returned to Oxford as a tutor in the autumn of 1931, I dutifully attended a meeting of the dons' philosophical society early in the term. A leading Oxford realist was billed to read a paper, and it began roughly as follows: "Most of you probably have never heard of Dialectical Materialism. Nor had I till a short time ago, when one of my sons became a Communist, and I was curious to know what his philosophy was." It was clear from the discussion which followed that the speaker was right. The philosophy which had stirred the world more than any other belief or creed in the last hundred years, had reached the Master's lodgings at Balliol but had got no farther, and, if the paper and discussion were typical of Oxford philosophers' ability to comprehend new doctrines, there was little hope for it in the autumn of 1931. For the method chosen for elucidating Marxism was to select certain sentences, to give their words the peculiar meanings current in Oxford philosophical circles and then to demonstrate their contradictory nature. Instead of asking what Marx really meant, the meeting was content to assure itself that, if Marx had been the pupil of an Oxford realist he would have got a *non-satis* for his essay. This proposition is true.

R. G. Collingwood was not present at that meeting. Long before, he had come to realise that such symposia were waste of time. Oxford philosophers had perfected the art of denigrating each philosophy including their own. Like our High Court Judges, in the interpretation of Acts of Parliament, they disregarded the expressed intentions of its promoters, and interpreted it according to the peculiar rules of "realist common Law." The result on their pupils and themselves was complete scepticism, combined with a complacent delight in their mastery of their own intimate parlour game. Thought for them was no longer the grand instrument with which man should liberate himself from slavery to nature and social oppression, but a technique to ensure that everyone who tried to do so should be ensnared in verbal contradictions and so brought to heel.

> They were proud to have excogitated a philosophy so pure from the sordid taint of utility that they could lay their hands on their hearts and say it was no use at all; a philosophy so scientific that no one whose life was not a life of pure research could appreciate it, and so abstruse that only a whole-time student, and a very clever man at that, could understand it. They were quite resigned to the contempt of fools and amateurs. If any differed from them on these points, it could only be because his intellect was weak or his motives bad.

Mr. Collingwood's autobiography is the history of a mind which slipped away from this dry chatter of scholastic scepticism. The son of artist parents, he began Latin at four and Greek at six, and knew enough of art to make his classical studies the slave and not the master of his taste. When he was eight, he tried to read Kant's *Grundlejung* and, though he could not understand it, he knew it was his vocation to do so (at the age of 13 Mr. Collingwood's own *Speculum Mentis* had much the same effect on me); and an accident at games in his first year at Rugby enabled him to put the energies inhibited by Public School teaching into reading instead of athletics. Going up to Oxford he recognised that he had come to a place "where, even if it was not actually assumed that one had an adult attitude of learning, at any rate one was not penalised for having such an attitude." Since he took his degree, he has been an Oxford Tutor (and lately Professor) with a brief interval of war work in London.

What distinguishes Mr. Collingwood from his philosopher colleagues is not only his style, which is masterly, and his culture, which is urbane, but the fact that he is also one of our most eminent archaeologists and the recognised authority on Roman Britain. Knowing by experience the type of thinking necessary for the excavation and reconstruction of the past, he could not accept the "realist" logic of Cook-Wilson, which atomised truth into propositions and knowledge into isolated acts of passive assent. He knew that truth was the result of questioning and that knowledge consists in asking the pertinent question. The mind grows in a continual dialectic and that dialectic, his study of history taught him, is a part of history. The Oxford realists talked like angelic scribes in a timeless heaven of insignificant tautologies: Collingwood knew that he and his philosophy were part of a developing process and that truth is only intelligible as history. Among the dry bones in the valley of Oxford, he built an ivory tower of Hegelian aesthetics, and listened in delicate disdain to the wind among the skeletons.

Though he did not realise it at the time, the new philosophy of history which he constructed was as remote from the world as the realism he despised. Viewing all history as the history of thought and the clash of purposes, Collingwood denied that there were such things as historical "events"; sceptical even in his revolt from scepticism, he denied the possibility of even questioning the ultimate values and presuppositions of human thought. All the metaphysician could do was tastefully to disclose them and show the historical process by which they developed. Though he saw he was part of the process, he limited his task to comprehending the process, as a connoisseur appreciates the work of an artist. Philosophy for him was the self-consciousness of the contemplative mind. With a slightly supercilious disdain, he worked in studied isolation, and the priggishness which makes him claim that he

A great figure and a great book

C. F. G. MASTERMAN

by

Lucy Masterman

'It is a long time since I read anything which moved me more profoundly, and now that I have finished reading it, my one regret is that I shall never be able to talk to the man I have learnt to know in these pages.'—*New Statesman.*

'If ever a young man could be described as taking the world by storm that is true of Masterman. He played a part in history far greater than perhaps he himself realised, or than is generally known.'—*Times Literary Supplement.*

'One gets intimate and revealing pictures of practically all the great public figures of the period, including Lloyd George, Winston Churchill, Asquith, MacDonald, John Burns and a host of others.'—*Western Mail.*

ILLUSTRATED

18s. net

NICHOLSON & WATSON

"had no time" to answer criticisms hides the fundamental motive of fear which drew him to this isolation. If he had been really in revolt against Oxford philosophy, there were men in Oxford to consort with. He could have collaborated with Cole in the study of social history, with Lindsay in his attempt to maintain the tradition that ethics and politics are not parlour-games but the training of men and women for social and political work. But he did not do so. Instead he developed a philosophy of history which permitted him an escape not only from his realist colleagues but from life.

And then the storm broke. Travelling in Spain in 1930–31 he saw the birth of the Spanish Republic; and the events of 1936–8 made him suddenly aware that the ruling class of this country were conniving at the destruction both of Europe's liberty and of his own. The mind content to contemplate history from its ivory tower was threatened by history; the philosopher, who denied the existence of "events," was smitten by the events he denied. With this realisation, the style of the *Autobiography* suddenly changes. The preciosity is swept away, and the vulgar, strident tones of a Communist pamphlet blare through the concluding pages. The ivory tower has fallen, and the naked philosopher defends himself from the tempest with the commonplaces of Marxism. Thunderstruck, Mr. Collingwood lapses into jargon.

No doubt Mr. Collingwood's last chapter is as accurate a record of his development as those preceding it. His book is a minor masterpiece of self-diagnosis, and I am confident that when he recovers his nerve he will recover his style too. At present he is dazed, and can see only that the men he despised for playing parlour-games were really the unconscious agents of Fascist disintegration. Oxford "realism" was not merely silly but a pernicious corruption of a great Liberal tradition, destroying the work of Green and substituting for it an intellectual nihilism. Here is his indictment:

> The pupils, whether or not they expected a philosophy that should give them, as that of Green's school had given their fathers, ideals to live for and principles to live by, did not get it; and were told that no philosopher (except of course a bogus philosopher) would ever try to give it. The inference which any pupil could draw for himself was that for guidance in the problems of life, since one must not seek it from thinkers or from thinking, from ideals or from principles, one must look to people who were not thinkers (but fools), to processes that were not thinking (but passion), to aims that were not ideals (but caprices), and to rules that were not principles (but rules of expediency). If the realists had wanted to train up a generation of Englishmen and Englishwomen expressly as the potential dupes of every adventurer in morals or politics, commerce or religion, who should appeal to their emotions and promise them private gains which he neither could procure them nor even meant to procure them, no better way of doing it could have been discovered.

Bravely spoken! And now let us hope that Mr. Collingwood will set himself to the construction not of a new ivory tower but of a free man's creed. R. H. S. CROSSMAN

PORTRAIT OF GERMANY

The Dear Monster. By G. R. HALKETT. *Cape.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Dear Monster is Germany; and Mr. Halkett is a German, though with Scottish blood on both sides. He left the Reich because he couldn't stand Hitlerism; the title of his book would suggest that with all its faults he loves it still, but that is misleading. In his view, Germany is nothing more nor less than an expression of hatred—a "bunch of semi-independent countries" united against a common foe. After the war, there were some Good Germans—often they were Jews—who planned a different kind of Reich:—

> They took all their dreams of humanity, of right, justice, good-will and called them: Germany. Were not men like Goethe, Bach, Kant, Hölderlin, Fichte, born within its frontiers, even if the frontiers had sometimes changed? So Germany had to be the country worthy of these men. . . .
>
> It was a very beautiful dream out of which we were awakened one day by the tramp of jack-boots. . . .
>
> I now admit that the only way to create a Germany is to make Germany a danger to the rest of the world.

But, though the "German nation" is a myth, there are German types. One we should be inclined (too hopefully) to call "Prussian." It must go very far back; it must have thought out Valhalla.

> After a good breakfast with plenty of beer you go to battle, heads and limbs are flying about and after the general massacre charming young Valkyries put the bodies nicely together again, to be back in time for lunch with more beer. It seems that from the very

Clarence C. Hatry's

LIGHT OUT OF DARKNESS

"HOW to bring land and people together, how to overcome both over-population and under-population, how to solve the problem of "living room" which figures so largely in the demands of the "Have not" powers, how to solve the problem of the "unwanted minorities" of Europe—these are the problems which this remarkable book poses and answers.

In this book the problem is for the first time treated, not as a political issue, not as an issue between the sated powers and the hungry ones, but as a business problem, by one of the ablest financial brains of to-day. I commend it very heartily to all who believe that unemployment, poverty, and war are not the inevitable predestined fate of mankind; and that there is no human problem which human brains cannot overcome."

W. J. BROWN,
General Secretary
Civil Service Clerical Association.

PRICE 8/6 NET

RICH & COWAN

beginning the Germans have always wanted to eat their cake and have it. The same psychology later on led to the pogroms. You pick out a group of utterly defenceless people, call them enemies, and tell yourself that they are powerful and dangerous. . . . Then you smash the powerful enemy of your dreams and celebrate a great victory.

Cheek by jowl with the bully, there is the soulful crank—another type of "German Idealist." Mr. Halkett met it first in the Wandervögel: a group of high-minded schoolboys, wearing shorts and singing round the camp-fire. They were free and joyous; after the "Prussian" type, they were delightful. It was they who started the Youth Movement—"and soon it became an avalanche, carrying with it a strange collection of minor movements, petty philosophies and odd ideals, out of which the original purpose emerged in all its glory: to have no purpose, but to be young and romantic." Politics were barred. Theories of life were innumerable. There was no programme, no form of membership, but "everybody seemed to know who belonged to IT."

The basic idea was "Shape your life according to your conscience only." That meant, in practice, excluding the profane world; and that meant economic independence—and hence the *Siedlung*. "Buddhists know that the only real way to follow the Path is to retire into a monastery, and the best likeness to the German *Siedlung* is a Buddhist convent. . . . There were *Siedlungen* for everything." And "as no one seemed to know what had to be done and all ideas had the chance of becoming the future Leading Idea which everyone was crying out for, all the private religions and *Weltanschauungen* were promoted to the rank of serious candidates in the struggle for the future shape of Society."

It seemed a harmless craze; all the candidates had so much goodwill. How could these lovable enthusiasts beget Nazism?

Well, one night Mr. Halkett overheard a discussion by the camp-fire. The argument was: Can a Jew appreciate the idea of the Youth Movement?

The young man in the red cap said that he wanted to "shape his life according to his conscience only" in the same way as his Gentile opponent. The blue cape admitted that this might be so. But, he said, that was not the point. To adopt the famous formula was nothing but a bare necessity for anyone who wanted to be acknowledged as a human being. It could be understood intellectually, and he had no doubt about the Jew's intellectual faculties. The true mystery of the Wandervögel was not a thing to be understood, it had to be felt in the songs and the dances and the feeling of fraternity. It was an essentially German mystery.

The Jew answered that he would not be there if he did not enjoy joining in the songs and dances, and if he did not feel fraternal towards his fellow Wandervögel. Moreover, he had been born and bred in Germany, and he could not help feeling himself a German. To question this feeling seemed to him merely absurd.

The man in the blue cape looked across the fire in the other's face. "No doubt you are sincere. You believe that you enjoy all the things we cherish, you believe that you are German and that you can feel the mystery. But you only believe all this. It is not really true, because you are not of the Blood. The Blood is the Spirit."

Finally they assured each other of "their highest esteem and the unshakability of their opinions," and all present joined in a song, "without distinction of race or creed." At this stage we are far enough from Jew-baiting; I have heard Englishmen who believed themselves tolerant and rational say much worse.

But the point is that these friendly German youths, of whatever sect, had two things in common with the bullies and one another: a contempt for the profane world, and a contempt for reason. "Germans are not rational," though "they like to brood . . . and therefore call themselves A People of Thinkers." What goes down best with them is a supply of lofty theoretical-sounding phrases, and leave to understand "with the blood."

And so—the *Führer*. Anyone could see he belonged to IT. He had adopted the swastika and the greeting *Heil*. He was a non-smoker, a teetotaller and a vegetarian. He wore his hair rather long. He encouraged "thinking with the blood"; he preached Higher Breeding, purity of the race, etc., etc. He gave the Germans a common foe—and turned the whole country into a *Siedlung*.

Mr. Halkett is not specially anti-crank. He likes ideas and experiments; he once belonged to IT, and he has plenty to say for it. But he couldn't "think with the blood," and Hitler's method with the Jews turned his stomach: so he cleared out. At the same time, he assures us that most Germans are more than satisfied. They have their *Siedlung*, in which they scarcely hear a cheep from the profane world; and into the bargain they are enjoying a series of bloodless victories—Valhalla come true.

There will be no change while the German Reich holds together. Or so he thinks; but (though vaguely Left) he is not a politician, nor is he writing a treatise. *Dear Monster* is a loose kind of autobiography, blurred and even tiresome at moments, but full of plums.

K. JOHN

OXFORD PAMPHLETS

Published Yesterday:

THE DUAL POLICY
By SIR ARTHUR SALTER

ENCIRCLEMENT
By J. L. BRIERLY

Already Published:

THE PROSPECTS OF CIVILIZATION
By SIR ALFRED ZIMMERN

THE BRITISH EMPIRE
By H. V. HODSON

'MEIN KAMPF'
By R. C. K. ENSOR

ECONOMIC SELF-SUFFICIENCY
By A. G. B. FISHER

'RACE' IN EUROPE
By JULIAN HUXLEY

THE FOURTEEN POINTS AND THE TREATY OF VERSAILLES
By G. M. GATHORNE-HARDY

COLONIES AND RAW MATERIALS
By H. D. HENDERSON

Other Pamphlets are in active preparation

each 3d. net

Of all booksellers

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

NEW NOVELS

Lost Birthright. By JACK LINDSAY. *Methuen.* 8*s.* 6*d.*
Learn to Love First. By AMABEL WILLIAMS-ELLIS. *Gollancz.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Love in the Sun. By LEO WALMSLEY. *Collins.* 8*s.* 6*d.*
Nothing is Past. By KAY AGUTTER. *Heinemann.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Lost Birthright is an historical novel. To many people, tired of Scott's delight in cloak and sword or Feuchtwanger's obsession with their Freudian symbolism, this in itself is a condemnation. For most historical writers the past means their own particular present in a different hat, and it becomes only too obvious that their characters, like those in a pageant, draw their vitality solely from their elaborate costumes. Even the best historical fiction seems to compare unfavourably with novels about the author's own time, and it is difficult to recollect any outstanding writer who has set his work in a period quite distinct from his own. Tolstoi is the only obvious exception, but even here it is not wholly sophistry to argue that the Russian aristocracy changed less during the nineteenth century than the educated class of any other country. At its worst, the historical novel is an easy method of avoiding obvious literary difficulties or grinding obvious personal axes; at its best, it is a special kind of writing, as distinct from the novel proper as archery is from shooting.

With these reservations *Lost Birthright* is a brilliant piece of work. The period is the middle of the eighteenth century, and the setting the lecherous, treacherous, rakehelly, riotous, break-bottle, fustigating parasite-fringe of fashionable society. Mr. Lindsay has adopted the literary technique of the age, and to unravel his numerous sub-plots would be as fruitless a task as to index the Gentleman's Magazine. There are gaming-dens,

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 unless otherwise stated.

APOLLO. **Of Mice and Men.** Tu. & Th.

COMEDY. **Tony Draws a Horse.** Wed., Fri.

DRURY LANE. **The Dancing Years.** W., S.

DUCHESS. **The Corn is Green.** Tues., Thu.

HIS MAJESTY'S. **The Devil to Pay.** W., Sat.

PALACE. **Under Your Hat.** Tues. & Thurs.

STRAND. **The Gentle People.** Thurs., Sat.

THEATRES

APOLLO. GERrard 2663.
Evenings, 8.30. Mats., Tues. & Thurs., 2.30.
OF MICE AND MEN
CLAIRE LUCE, JOHN MILLS, NIALL MACGINNIS.

COLISEUM, Charing X. TEMple Bar 3161.
Commc. Aug. 7. NIGHTLY 6.30 & 9. Mat., Aug. 7, 2.30.
For One Week Only
IAN HAY'S **"HOUSEMASTER"**
Prices: 1/-, 2/-, 3/-, 3/6 and 5/-

COMEDY. (Whi. 2578.) Evgs., 8.30. Wed., Fri., 2.30.
LILIAN BRAITHWAITE in
TONY DRAWS A HORSE
Over 220 Performances.

DRURY LANE. (TEMple Bar 7171.)
Evenings, 8.0. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
MARY ELLIS and IVOR NOVELLO
THE DANCING YEARS

DUCHESS. (Tem. 8243.) Evgs., 8.30. Tues., Thu., 2.30.
SYBIL THORNDIKE and EMLYN WILLIAMS in
THE CORN IS GREEN
A Comedy by EMLYN WILLIAMS.

HIS MAJESTY'S. WHItehall 6606.
EVENINGS, 8.30 prompt. Mats., Wed., Sat., 2.30.
THE DEVIL TO PAY
BY DOROTHY L. SAYERS.

PALACE. (Ger. 6834.) Evgs., 8.15. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.
LEE EPHRAIM PRESENTS
JACK HULBERT and CICELY COURTNEIDGE in
UNDER YOUR HAT

QUEEN'S. Ger. 4517. CLOSED.
Two Weeks' Holiday Vacation.
REOPENING MONDAY, AUGUST 14.
MARIE TEMPEST in
"DEAR OCTOPUS." A Comedy by Dodie Smith.

STRAND. (Tem. 2660.) Evgs., 8.30. Th., Sat., 2.30.
ANMER HALL presents "THE THRILL PLAY"
THE GENTLE PEOPLE
by IRWIN SHAW

UNITY. (Eus. 5391.) EVENINGS, ex. Mons., 8.30.
COLONY
by Geoffrey Trease. Produced by Herbert Marshall.
Seats, 1/- to 3/6. Members only (Subscr. 1/-, Share 1/-).
Unity Theatre, Goldington Street, N.W.1.

VICTORIA PALACE. (Vic. 1317.) Nightly 6.20 & 9.
LUPINO LANE in
ME AND MY GIRL
with TEDDIE ST. DENIS
HOME OF THE "LAMBETH WALK." Over 1,000 PERFS.

REPERTORY THEATRE

BARN THEATRE, SHERE.
MONDAY, AUGUST **14th**, FOR ONE WEEK.
Evenings, 8.15. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
The Elusive Legacy
(Le Légataire Universel by Regnard).
Translated by Alice Gachet. Producer, Nicholas Crocker.
Entrance by Membership Ticket, obtainable free, in advance, from the Theatre. (Tel.: Shere 245.)

The A. B. C.

As the alphabet is the corner stone of knowledge so is the Audit Bureau of Circulations the foundation of sound business relations between publisher and advertiser.

No other circulation certificate is so readily accepted by the advertiser as that vouched for by the A.B.C.

Prepared on standardised forms and certified by chartered, incorporated and public accountants in practice, A.B.C. certificates are issued on behalf of every publisher member at regular half-yearly intervals.

The journal in which this notice appears is a member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations. Its actual net sale figures are available to every advertiser, who therefore knows the exact quantity of circulation he is being asked to pay for.

Advertisers should cut out waste by insisting on A.B.C. certificates.

Issued by the A.B.C.

"SMALLS" RATES

3d. a word ★ for single insertions.

4d. for words in CAPS (except the first). Lines in Caps 1/9.

Series Discounts: 5% for 3 insertions; 10% for 13 insertions; 15% for 26 and 20% for 52.

Minimum Twelve Words.

Box Numbers—1/- extra. This charge includes forwarding replies.

Box Number replies should be addressed "Box No. . . . c/o New Statesman and Nation, 10 Great Turnstile, Holborn, W.C.1."

All small advertisements must be prepaid and copy should arrive by TUESDAY. Please write on ONE SIDE OF PAPER.

Holiday Suggestions — Special cheap rate on application.

★ ONE WORD: Place names, *e.g.*, St. Albans, Ashton-under-Lyne, Golders Green. 'Phone numbers, *e.g.*, HOL. 3216. 'Phone 2414. Groups of five letters or figures, *e.g.*, Y.M.C.A. or S.W.18, etc. TWO WORDS: Number and name of street, *e.g.*, 24 St. George's Street, 24 Broadway

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

A Postal Subscription to any address in the world costs

One Year, post free - - -	**30s. 0d.**
Six Months " " - - -	**15s. 0d.**
Three " " " - - -	**7s. 6d.**

NEW STATESMAN AND NATION
10 GREAT TURNSTILE, LONDON, W.C.1.

FILMS

ACADEMY CINEMA, Oxford St. Ger. 2981.
LOUIS JOUVET
in Pabst's gripping Chinese adventure
"LE DRAME DE SHANGHAI" (A)
A tale of Shanghai and the Japanese menace.

BERKELEY Cinema, Berkeley St. May. 8505.
RAIMU in
"LA FEMME DU BOULANGER" (A)
3rd month of Marcel Pagnol's brilliant French satirical comedy. ADULTS ONLY.

EVERYMAN (opp. Hampstead Tube Stn.) Ham. 2285
MONDAY, 7th AUGUST, FOR THREE DAYS
Diana Churchill in **THE HOUSEMASTER** (A)
THURSDAY, 10th AUGUST, FOR FOUR DAYS
Phillips Holmes in **THE DOMINANT SEX** (A)

LONDON PAVILION. GERrard 2982.
Commencing Monday, August 7th, from 10 a.m.
Chester Morris, Ralph Bellamy, Ann Dvorak
"BLIND ALLEY" (A)
also "MY SON IS A CRIMINAL" (A)

RESTAURANTS

WHATEVER your way of political thinking Rules provide excellent eating and drinking. RULES, Maiden Lane, Covent Garden (licensed till midnight). Estd. 1780.

GIVE your Sherry Party at The Book WINE RESTAURANT, facing British Museum, where you can also read "THE NEW STATESMAN" and take out a subscription. MUS. 6428.

COME to Mrs. Cook's, where the food is excellent and does you good. The cooking is different from the usual restaurant type. Famous for nine years for quality and value. MRS. COOK'S, 12 Denman Street, Piccadilly Circus.

FRESH FRUIT

FINEST PERSHORE EGG PLUMS. 12 lbs. 3*s.* 6*d.*, 24 lbs. 6*s.* 6*d.* Carriage paid. Empties free. Send for list. J. E. STANTON, 5 Swan Terrace, Evesham.

PERSONAL

WIDOW in business requires board for self and board and care for small son within reach of Town. Moderate terms. Box 5831.

YOUNG man wishes to meet budding author to write exclusive biography. Room offered. BM/GLFA, W.C.2.

URGENT.—German political refugee, Protestant, 26, in imminent danger deportation from France to Germany owing unemployment, hopes come to England as trainee. £50 required towards eventual emigration overseas. Recommended by Paris Baptist Committee. Subscriptions, large or small, to Miss Jelf, at White Horse Hotel, Blakeney, Norfolk. References given.

FOR HIRE. £500 p.a. Fine analytic brain, hitherto trivially employed. Age 25. Classical First. Box 5823.

YOUNG OXFORD Graduate (history), speaks Italian, wants interesting post, social service, literary, whatnot. Wide sympathies, enterprising. Box 5837.

GATHER LAVENDER. Lovely gardens. Lady Margaret's, Doddington, Kent. 2 *guineas*.

FOR those who are not quite able to deal with normal life, a real home with understanding and experienced care, on psychological lines is offered in beautiful country house.—Drs. references. Box 5476.

MY Photographs are more serious than my advertisements. ANTHONY PANTING, 5, Paddington Street, W.1. Telephone: WELbeck 4950.

TOM LONG has proved, as smokers attest, Rich, fragrant, pure—in fact the best.

DETECTIVES. Divorce, Enquiries, etc. Terms moderate. Consultations free. UNIVERSAL DETECTIVES, 12 Henrietta Street, W.C.2. Tem. Bar 8504.

NUDIST CLUB, RESIDENTIAL; 15 minutes from Marble Arch (Telephone: Gla. 6153). Equipped for table tennis, artificial sunlight, exercises, dancing, darts, etc., hot and cold showers. Write enclosing stamped envelope. SECRETARY: 72 Shoot Up Hill, N.W.2.

COX AND PINNEY, 312 King's Road, S.W.3. FLA. 9970. Come and see our range of inexpensive modern Furniture. Open till 7.30 p.m.

MEAT EATING INVOLVES CRUELTY
WHY NOT TRY VEGETARIANISM?
Free Literature, including Recipes, from
THE VEGETARIAN SOCIETY, 57 Princes Street, Manchester, 2.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING. Quick, cheap, lasting, harmless, as grateful 1,000's testify. Either sex. Write: CARLTON CHEMICALS, 251 Birmingham.

murders and Houses of Assignation; sweaty, aristocratic levées, election riots and amateur theatricals at Henley; tea-parties with sanctimonious Methodists, drunken races at Yarmouth and fights between striking weavers and the military. It is, in fact, the world Hogarth and Rowlandson have made familiar to us, and *Lost Birthright* alone, of all the historical novels I have read, has caught its authentic flavour. Mr. Lindsay betrays a few of his usual weaknesses—his preoccupation with jutting breasts and hot, heavy thighs, for instance, shows no sign of abating. But as a piece of eighteenth century picaresque his book could not easily be bettered, and had he described our own times with the same effective vigour he would probably have assured himself a niche in literary history. Unfortunately, there is a catch in it. *Lost Birthright* is brilliant of its kind, but its kind is not that which produces the great novel. Mr. Lindsay succeeds because neither he nor his readers are familiar, in the important senses, with any period but their own. Vividly to describe an historical society is analagous to designing a poster; one needs a central idea, an eye for pattern, a feeling for bright colour and little else besides. And powerful though cave-paintings or the best posters undoubtedly are, they cannot, even potentially, be the highest form of art. Take one of Mr. Lindsay's carefully-posed glimpses of eighteenth-century life:

> The company were drinking chocolate, which was handed round by a negro servant in livery; the little blackamoor page had brought in his lady's latest acquisitions of china and bronze-work and was showing them to a couple of the guests, while others were listening to music at the further end of the room. Squire Somebody was snoring with a whip at his side, and Sir K. Rayke was sitting with his hair in curl-papers, the fool. On the couch near the countess a robed barrister, her latest lover, was lolling and making lazy comments on her toilet, while her poodle was smelling at a scattered pack of cards on the floor.

A little overdone, perhaps, but a perfect period print. But would such a technique serve in a novel of our own time? I don't think it would—at least not for another century. Mr. Lindsay is a parodist rather than a creator, and *Lost Birthright*, for all its polish, is not literature. In its own genre, however, it is remarkable, and is the best historical novel I have ever read.

Ruritania has joined the Axis. This move has not come altogether as a surprise in well-informed circles, for it had long been feared that a state whose policy was controlled by an incompetent military clique, and whose territory largely consisted of boar-forests and castles, could not indefinitely remain excluded from the Nazi orbit. I was glad to learn from Mrs. Williams-Ellis, however, that the country still retains its traditional gaity and élan. It is true that a pig-faced dictator has replaced the sleek-moustached monarchy of earlier days, but even he is like synthetic butter in the hands of his beautiful mistress, and meets a well-merited end at the muzzle of a dainty automatic concealed in her big fur muff. There are workers, too, burrowing underground and exchanging passwords on trams, but they seem rather out of the picture in this tale of amours in high places, and represent nothing more than another victory of the *Zeitgeist* over the unities. *Learn to Love First* (strange advice, seeing what happened to the dictator) is very competently written, and even succeeds in whipping some tension out of its hackneyed theme. It will make admirable summer reading for those romantics who sometimes glance at their newspapers and feel a guilty urge to come down out of Hentzau. But Mrs. Williams-Ellis has done far better than this.

Love In The Sun is the choice of the Book Society, and Miss Daphne du Maurier describes it as "one of the pioneers of a new renaissance in the world of novels . . . (showing) . . . that a man's work, and his wife, and his baby, and his plot of earth, are more important than the drama and passion of the whole world." Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch concurs, and has described one of the author's previous novels as "a bright thing, sired by Art out of Knowledge." Such a book is clearly worth a close examination. *Love In The Sun* is about a novelist and his wife Dain, and their kitten Choo-i, and how they live in a Cornish cottage and write a novel that makes thousands and thousands of pounds and have the sweetest baby in the world. Mr. Walmsley is an uncompromising realist, for where other writers would not have let Dain say "Oh, it's *thrilling!*" or "Oh, it's *all* exciting!" more than half a dozen times, he wisely sees that only an endless repetition of such remarks can show us unmistakably what sort of a woman she is. The novelist, too, is beautifully delineated. As soon as he has said "By Jove!" a few dozen times, and remarked of an acquaintance "That's 'Grab' Fosdyck, once prize bully of Bramblewick Wesleyan School, chief of the gang that made my life hell when I was a kid, until I learnt how to box, and knocked the stuffing out of him," we realise he is going to be a most successful writer, and can well believe his often-repeated claim to have invented a revolutionary lobster pot. Choo-i doesn't say anything, but is even better characterised than the other two. Mr. Walmsley has realised that life is thoroughly flat, that even geniuses may speak in interminable cliché, and that if you concentrate hard enough on the simple things, the drama and passion of the whole world won't have a chance. *Love In The Sun*, says Miss du Maurier, "will make other writers feel ashamed." I agree with her.

Nothing Is Past is an unusual and promising first novel. Haest, a minor capitalist, has an unpleasant experience in China, comes home, marries, and quietly becomes a raving psychopathic, to the contemptuous horror of Cressida, his clever, tasteless, self-possessed wife. Miss Agutter is a careless writer—the fear of confined spaces is not, as her Harley Street psycho-analyst seems to think, called agoraphobia—but she shows imagination and originality, and if we cannot believe in her presentation of psychosis, her dissection of the more normal Cressida is subtle and convincing. But for Haest's wearisome introspections (Miss Agutter's motto might well have been More Haest, Less Speed) *Nothing Is Past* would have been a distinguished novel; as it is, it is no more than distinctive. But when a first novel is as competent as most novelists' third, one looks forward to the writer's second with a good deal of interest.

JOHN MAIR

"SWEET GIRL GRADUATES"

A History of Bedford College for Women. By MARGARET J. TUKE. *Oxford University Press.* 10s. 6d.

It is always absorbing to trace the dim, fitful beginnings of an organisation which in the course of years becomes a triumphant success. The early history of university education in London is an important, interesting, but neglected study. So many records seem to have perished of those care-free days when professors really taught and did not have to spend their working lives slaving away on utterly trivial and totally irrelevant committees. Dame Margaret writes of that golden age before the monster efficiency smothered education under its portentous wing. She draws an interesting picture, and to all interested in nineteenth-century London or education a fascinating one. It is possibly something more than mere masculine prejudice which makes me think that the authoress is less than fair to Victorian women. She says nothing of the upper classes, who produced women more gifted and accomplished, though not perhaps more capable (dreadful word), than anything which three solid years of cap and gown at Oxford or Cambridge can produce to-day. Dame Margaret is certainly less than fair when she points to the Prince Consort as the cause of the unintellectual *hausfrau*. Surely the Empress Frederick, who was stuffed with learning by her father, was fit for nothing else except the Mistress-ship of Girton? No one denies that the average middle-class Victorian matron was a genial bore, but the road to scholarship was filled with eccentricity and with that kind of stoical discomfort with which groups of scholarly ladies are such past-masters at surrounding themselves. The authoress's account of the Residence provided for young ladies attending the college is truly horrifying and would provide admirable material for Mr. Arthur Marshall.

The founder of Bedford College was Mrs. Reid—a rich, slightly eccentric Nonconformist, with a posse of intellectual friends. Her object in starting the college was "to elevate the moral and intellectual character of women as a means to an improved state of society." The College started in 1849—a year or two after *The Princess* was published. In spite of Mrs. Reid's Nonconformist leanings the college largely relied on clerical professors from King's College, who might not rebuke the young ladies—a task which was left to the Lady Visitors, whose duty it also was to see that the rooms were properly ventilated. The early start was disappointing. The total number was 68, of whom over 40 attended only one lecture a week. Very soon King's College—which was, of course, strongly Anglican—refused to allow its members to teach in an institution so riddled with dissent as Bedford College, and in the 'sixties the College was pulled up by an influx of Oxford men like Dicey, Mark Pattison and "that incarnation of scholarship," Ingram Bywater. Mrs. Reid had died and her work was carried on by a triumvirate—Miss Elizabeth Bostock, Miss Eleanor Smith and Miss Jane Martineau, who must have been one of the ugliest women who ever lived. However, these ladies carried all before them, and the College

Holiday Suggestions

London

THACKERAY HOTEL.
OPPOSITE the British Museum, Great Russell St. W.C.1. Telephones and free electric heating in all bedrooms. Numerous Private Bathrooms. Bedroom, Bath and Breakfast from 9s. 6d. per night. Illustrated Booklet and Inclusive Terms on application.

REFORMED INNS.—Ask for descriptive list (3d. post free) of 180 INNS AND HOTELS managed by THE PEOPLE'S REFRESHMENT HOUSE ASSOCIATION, LTD., P.R.H.A., LTD., St. George's House, 193 Regent Street, London, W.1.

WARWICK CLUB, Ltd., 21 St. George's Square, S.W.1. Room and Breakfast, 5s. a night or 30s. weekly: with dinner, 6s. 6d. a night or 35s. to 2 *gns.* weekly. Vic. 7289.

North of London

GLORIOUS Cotswolds. Langston Arms Hotel, Kingham. Convenient centre rail or road. Modernised throughout. Excellent cuisine. Terms from 3 *guineas.*

GUEST House in the Chilterns. Beacon Cottage, Aston Rowant, Oxford. Good food, comfort and consideration. 'Phone: Kingston Blount 219.

South West

TORQUAY, Howden Court Hotel. 4 minutes to sea by private path, garden, attractive sun lounge. Private sitting rooms and private bathrooms if required. A.A. appointed. Tel.: 280711.

CORNWALL (Cape Cornwall). Unique position, 8 miles west of Penzance, overlooking Cape Cornwall and the Atlantic. For hotel accommodation or furnished houses on moderate terms apply MANAGER, Porthledden, St. Just, Cornwall.

DARTMOOR. Delightful Guest House, near golf and fishing. Own horses. Inclusive terms for riding guests. Baytor House, Ilsington, Newton Abbot. Haytor 203.

PERRANPORTH. The famous Summer Theatre adds to the natural charm of a Cornish holiday. Sully's Hotel. 'Phone: 41.

WEST SOMERSET, between Minehead and Dulverton; superior farmhouse accommodation; stag-hunting; hacks for hire; rough shooting; fishing. Inclusive. Box 4773.

SALISBURY
THE OLD MILL HOTEL AND RESTAURANT
at West Harnham.
Patronised by artists and men of letters.
Terms from 3½ *gns.* a week. Apply MANAGER.

DEVON AND CORNWALL. Ideal Holiday Centres. Free illustrated brochure No. 25. SEASIDE AND COUNTRY GUEST HOUSES, LTD., Dawlish.

BUDLEIGH SALTERTON. South Devon Coast, "Mountway" Guest House. Modern comfort. No accommodation July 29th to August 26th.

CORNWALL. Barnoon End, St. Ives, for delightful early holidays. Quiet. Lovely views. Every comfort. Central. 'Phone: 488. From 2½ *gns.*

TORQUAY, SEASCAPE HOTEL. Beautifully situated; central position. Established 20 years. Southern aspect with full view of Torbay. Our reputation for good English fare has always been a noted feature. Individual diets studied. Hot and cold water. Radiators, gas or electric fires; central heating throughout. Lounges sunny and well heated. Comfortable beds. Hard tennis courts, croquet, miniature golf course, games' room. Garage, private park and gardens. Summer terms from 3 *gns.* Resident Director: MRS. HARRISON.

CORNWALL. Pleasant furnished bungalow. From September. Near sea, P.O., bus. Suit 1 or 2, bath. £1 p.w. DODD, Borah Flower Farm, Lamorna, nr. Penzance.

REAL modern comfort, home-grown produce, wonderful Atlantic view, 2 acres, all go to make holidays at Rockingham, Westward Ho! Devon, ideal. 2½–4 *gns.* MISS FOLL (Northam 183).

BOORD'S FARM, Batcombe, Bath, for Mendips, Glastonbury, Wells. Good cooking and comfort.

SAVERNAKE FOREST. The Forest Hotel. Tel.: Burbage 6. Excellent food. Ideal for walking; forest and downs. Good train service.

MENDIPS, Anglo-French family takes guests. XVIIth Cent. farm house. Comfort, books, good cooking, open fires, h. & c. some rooms, good centre, lovely district. From 2½ *gns.* Wyndhams, Shepton Mallet, 57.

CHARMOUTH, Dorset. Claremont Guest House. Delightful coastal village. Excellent varied catering. Charming garden. Sea 5 minutes. Rec. A.A. 'Phone: 36.

South

SALTDEAN, Sussex. Modern Guest House, facing sea and Downs. Walesbeech House. Rottingdean 9431.

ISLE OF WIGHT. Country house, mains water, H. & C., electric light, indoor sanitation, 23 acres, own sea shore, safe bathing, sunbathing enclosures, tennis. Brochure (stamp) N. S. Critchard, Woodside, Wootton, I.O.W.

GEORGIAN Farmhouse offers ideal holiday in unspoilt country 13 miles Eastbourne. 300 acres rough shooting, golf, tennis, riding. 3½ *gns.* BATTEN, Cralle Place, Vines Cross, Sussex. Tel.: Horeham Rd.2.

NEW FOREST. Small Guest House. Friendly atmosphere. Peaceful surroundings. Tennis. Riding. Lovely country. LEONARD, The Guest House, Godshill, Fordingbridge, Hants. Telephone: 2168.

SALTDEAN, Brighton. GLENDOWER, first-class guest house. Tel.: Rottingdean 9552.

KENT. Restful accommodation. Old-world village. Main services, constant hot water, efficient catering. Garage. 'Phone: 252. MRS. MILLS, Cottage Farm, Smarden.

RYE, Sussex. Old Hope Anchor Hotel. Sunny, comfortable. Quiet situation. Lovely views. Cent. heating. H. and c. water all bedrooms. A.A. 'Phone 126.

SUSSEX.—Delightfully rural. Healthy. Hour London Attractive old house (modernised). Well-known among gentlefolk for comfort and cuisine. 3–4 *gns.* Scottish Proprietress. Golf, Fishing, tennis, bowls. Chequers, Pulborough.

FITTLEWORTH, Sussex. Fortrie Guest House. Real Country. Comfort, good beds and cooking. Breakfast in bed if desired. 'Phone: 61.

BENBECULA, DITCHLING, SUSSEX. Small Guest House. Delightful position facing Downs. H. & C. in all rooms. Moderate terms. Telephone: Hassocks 146.

OVINGDEAN, Sussex, by Downs and sea. Informal, quiet, good food. Riding, tennis, swimming. One or two. 2 *guineas* each. "Hillcot," Ovingdean, Brighton.

SEAFORD. MISS MITCHELL, Claremont House. (Seaford 3008.) Facing sea; h. and c. water in bedrooms; own garden produce. Vegetarian.

BROADSTAIRS. Guest house, good table, min. sea. 3 *gns.* Special terms family sharing rooms. 5 Dickens Road.

East and North East

PARK HOUSE. Black Notley, Braintree, Essex. 16th C. Guest House; quiet, informal. 6s. a day.

WENSLEYDALE, one mile Aysgarth. Guest House for energetic or restful holidays. Near moors. SMITH, Warnford, Thoralby, near Leyburn, Yorks.

North West

LAKES. Beautiful Buttermere, "Victoria," leading hotel between Honiston Pass and Cockermouth. Swiss balconies. Electricity; h. and c. Unique grounds. Telephone: 2. Pension from £4 5s.

DON'T travel abroad this year! The new Pillar Hotel, Langdale Estate, nr. Ambleside, set amidst mountains, woods and lakes, offers greater attractions. Squash rackets, tennis, swimming-pool. An ideal centre for climbing and fell walking. Write for brochure or telephone Grasmere 82.

West and Wales

N. WALES, BEDDGELERT. Charming small hotel. Snowdonia. A.A. Mountains, rivers, peace; 7 miles sea. Erw Fair Private Hotel.

ABERYSTWYTH. Ideal sea and country holidays. Beautiful situation. Modern. MASON, "Gwyldwr," Llanbadarn. 'Phone: 617.

PENALLY. Private Guest House, accom. 8 persons, April to November. Special diets studied. Bron Llwyn, Penally, Tenby, Pem. 'Phone: Tenby 56.

"HIGHTREE," Leintwardine, Bucknell, Salop. Ideally centralised for Herefordshire, Shropshire and the Welsh Marches. Trout fishing. Tariff on request.

Scotland

EDINBURGH. Manor Hotel, 50 Manor Place. Small, quiet, comfortable, modern. Terms from 13s. 6d. per day. Reduction per week. Tel.: 228191.

EDINBURGH GUEST HOUSE. Central. Excellent cuisine. From 7s. 6d. nightly; from 63s. weekly. 45 Manor Place. Tel.: 204191.

SUTHERLANDSHIRE. Aylmer Vallance personally recommends comfortable croft lodgings, excellent cooking, running water h. and c., sea boat. Vacancies August, September. Apply MRS. ROSS, Skerricha, Rhiconich, By Lairg.

Ireland

CLIFDEN, Connemara. Rock Glen Hotel. Licensed. H. and C. all rooms. Overlooking Ardbear Bay. Own grounds. Private bathing. Glorious scenery. 4½ *guineas.*

WICKLOW MOUNTAINS. Unique situation. London 10 hours. Open moorland, sheltered gardens, good cooking; 18-hole golf course 5 mins. YOUNG, Carrigoona Cottage, Kilmacanogue.

ACHILL ISLAND. Strand Hotel, Dugort, Mayo. Beautifully situated on finest bathing strand. Magnificent scenery. Hot and cold water. Fully licensed, fishing and shooting. TOM SHERIDAN, Proprietor.

ACHILL ISLAND, West Ireland. Burke's Private Hotel, beside beautiful bathing strand; very fine mountain and cliff scenery. Moderate. Reduction for families. Apply Postmistress, Dugort.

BALLYCASTLE, Co. Antrim. Charming old house, run as Guest House. Overlooking sea, tennis courts. Golf links. Free trout fishing. Good bathing. Apply MRS. PRIESTLEY, Raghery House.

CONNEMARA. Visitors received farmhouse, beside sea; bathroom, garage. Recommended. From £2 10s. weekly. NEE, Curragh, Renoyle.

Foreign

PARIS Vme, Hotel and Pension Alger. 8 rue des Fossés-St. Jacques. Central; heart Latin Quarter. Good rooms from 15 *frs.* daily; special monthly terms.

RIVIERA. HOTEL DE LA MER. Cap Martin. Facing full south in own grounds, direct on Sea. Buses to Menton and Monte Carlo. Pension 7s. inclusive.

NEAR DIEPPE, Grand Hotel, Berneval-s.-Mer. Picturesque country, bathing, sands, tennis. Good food. Pension 45–60 *frs.* Personal recommendation. Telephone: Berneval 1.

NORMANDY. Near Dieppe. Mme. Le Blanc receives children of gentlefolk. French family life and conversation. Sea bathing. Hard tennis court. 2½ *gns.* Château Bosc le Comte, Luneray, Seine Inférieure.

PERSONALLY conducted Party of Scientists and people interested in Science leaves for Soviet Union under leadership of Professor J. B. S. Haldane on September 9th, returning October 1st. Interviews arranged with leading Scientists and to Scientific Institutions. 10 more places will be allotted in order of application. Inclusive price £23. PROSPECT TOURS, LTD., 115 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

STILL a few places left for party leaving for Ile-de-re evening August 11th. Unspoilt island off La Rochelle (Bay of Biscay). Good food and drink, cottage accommodation, excellent bathing, etc. 8 guineas for 16 days inclusive. PROSPECT TOURS, LTD., 115 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

CHARITY

FACTORY GIRLS' COUNTRY HOLIDAY FUND. Chairman, Lady Loch. FUNDS URGENTLY NEEDED. Hundreds of the poorest working girls and women hoping for a week or more at the sea during the next few weeks.—Gifts thankfully acknowledged by the Hon. Treasurer, Mrs. Slater, or Miss Canney, M.B.E., 36 Red Lion Street, Bedford Row, W.C.1.

HEALTH

MISS J. D. WALLINGTON (and Mrs. Helen Whitticom). Health Practitioner, Osteopath, and Bonesetter, treats all conditions of ill-health by natural methods. Consultations by appointment. 1 Ashley Place, S.W.1. Tel.: Victoria 0131; and 2 Norton Way North, Letchworth. Tel.: Letchworth 885.

HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS

Special cheap rates are available for advertisements on this page—on application. Other rates and full particulars regarding Classified Advertisements will be found on p. 225.

developed along sound and progressive lines. The Dukes of Bedford, who indirectly provided the College with its name, were always good friends to it, but it would be interesting to know how the virtuous triumvirate got on with the 8th Duke, who used daily to drive in a shuttered carriage to visit his *chère amie*, who owned a cosy little villa in Kensington Gore. Dame Margaret shows very fairly how great were the prejudices and difficulties which could only have been overcome by great enthusiasm and great sincerity. ROGER FULFORD

The Home Market; 1939 Edition. *Allen and Unwin.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

This is not the England of the poet or the mass observer, but an England treated to an intelligent statistical "break-down" for the benefit primarily of manufacturers and traders planning sales campaigns. The Research Staff of the London Press Exchange, to whose initiative *The Home Market* (first published in 1936 and now brought up to date and enlarged) is due, present the picture of a nation analysed in various categories of potential consumers. The sociologist, however, no less than the sales manager, will find much of interest in the book—and much to lament. The portrait which emerges is that of a country whose population is grotesquely mal-distributed and whose wealth is unhealthily over-concentrated, a country destined in 20 years' time to have to support an increasing number of elderly inhabitants (43 per cent. over the age of 45), yet content to allow its agriculture steadily to decline. The survey brings out a number of important changes which have taken place since 1931—for example, the striking fall in the numbers of large families consisting of six persons or more—and it includes an extremely interesting analysis of the average items of weekly expenditure incurred by a family with an aggregate income of £7 5*s.* a week. The compilers are to be congratulated on statistics tabulated with commendable lucidity and illustrated with diverting diagrams.

The Lyric Genius of Catullus. By E. A. HAVELOCK, M.A. *Basil Blackwell.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

To interpret a lyric poet is in itself a hopeless task. Mr. Havelock has tackled it in two complementary ways; directly, in the first part of the book, by translation, or imitation, and indirectly, in the latter part, by a series of essays on Catullus' mind and style. To say that the value of the translations has been greater for the author than it is for his readers is by no means to dismiss them as worthless. On the contrary, it is to praise Mr. Havelock's approach to his subject. His essays show how much he has learned from the direct enjoyment, translation and imitation of the lyrics, and justify his contempt for what he calls biographical criticism, which he satirises with some asperity. His estimate of Catullus is valuable in that it bears the mark of first-hand experience. He shows real understanding in his discussion of the combination of learning and emotion in Catullus' poetry, and its place in Latin literature, and in his essay on the "Impermanence of Poetry" the problems of translation have led him to refute the facile commonplace that poetry endures. It is just that spark which is poetry, he says, which cannot be struck from words whose associations and overtones have been lost. On the other hand, in spite of taste and thought, the translations which taught Mr. Havelock so much are of little assistance to the reader. They lack, as is perhaps inevitable in translations, just the qualities which characterise Catullus—fire, sophistication and an elegant up-to-dateness. Catullus, therefore, is not to be found in them. To the reader, the value of the essays owes nothing to them.

BOOKS TO COME

Peter Davies will publish on August 8th *Ways and By-ways in Diplomacy*, by Sir William Oudendyk, Dutch Envoy Extraordinary in China, Persia and Russia. Sir William knew China intimately both during the days of her young Republic and in the stormy days of the Manchu Dynasty when the last Emperor sat upon the Peacock Throne and Peking was really a "forbidden city" to Europeans. He was Dutch Minister at Petrograd at the time of the Bolshevik Revolution. In this book, he tells the story of the diplomacy of the period and describes the pageantry of the three countries to which he was accredited.

In *Philosophy For Our Times*, to be published by Nelson in the autumn, Professor C. E. M. Joad presents a philosopher's contribution to the discussion of contemporary problems. Professor Joad draws a parallel between our own period and the Athenian age of intellectual doubt and political decadence when Socrates brought philosophy to the market place. Just as Socrates showed that the world of values was the real world, so the modern philosopher must give his warning against the subservience of men to new scientific and mechanical resources. Professor Joad argues that, in politics, a renewed appreciation of human values must lead us away from national patriotism towards a wider loyalty to mankind, and that in ethics, we must learn from philosophy to live up to the powers which science has afforded us.

Frank Sullivan is the New Yorker's Cliché Expert and one of New York's favourite funny men. Oddly enough, none of his writings has hitherto appeared in England in book form. Dent is bringing out on August 17th an omnibus Sullivan volume with illustrations by James Arnold. It includes nine interviews with the Cliché Expert, the celebrated skit on the British Politocracy, "A Week-End at Lady Astor's," the "Visit to London" by "One Who Has Never Been There" and twenty more of Sullivan's flights of fancy.

A new novel by Aldous Huxley will be published in the autumn by Chatto and Windus. Its title is *After Many a Summer*. The publishers have not yet received the manuscript, but they are able to say that it is a fantastic parable in the manner of *Brave New World*—a tract for the times in Mr. Huxley's most mordant vein.

The Cambridge University Press announce for the autumn a new work by Sir Arthur Eddington, *The Philosophy of Physical Science*. Sir Arthur's previous books have been criticised on the grounds that "there is no philosophy of science." In this forthcoming volume, he attempts to show that those who follow the accepted practice of science are in fact following a philosophy of science and he outlines the general philosophical outlook which a scientist can accept.

Roger Fry's *Last Lectures*, held over from the summer, will also be published in the autumn by the Cambridge University Press—on September 22nd. They consist of a series delivered by the author as Slade Professor, and are part of a projected course, uncompleted owing to his death, which was intended to cover the whole of historical art. What is left to us comprises a survey of all the arts outside the modern period—Egyptian, Mesopotamian, Aegean, Negro, Mexican, Peruvian, Chinese, Indian, Greek, Hellenistic and Roman. The illustrations chosen by Fry provide in themselves a complete basis for a comparative study of the arts of primitive races. Sir Kenneth Clark contributes a foreword.

Since the publication in English last year of Henri de Montherlant's remarkable novel, *Pitié Pour Les Femmes*, the concluding volume of the series of which it was a part has appeared in France. Routledge will publish it in the autumn in a translation by John Rodker under the title, *The Lepers*. MARIE SCOTT-JAMES

Week-end Competitions

No. 492

Set by V. S. Pritchett

One of our gossip columnists is to be imagined let loose at the Mermaid. The usual prizes of Two Guineas and Half a Guinea are offered for his paragraph (which should not exceed 250 words) as it might appear to-day in one of the Sunday papers.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, Aug. 11th.

2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 490

Set by J. C. B. Date

Imagine that you are a member of an intellectual society which condemns all competition in human affairs as leading to megalomania, greed and other vices. You are threatened with expulsion because you have continued to enter for the NEW STATESMAN Week-end Competition. Write a letter of not more than 300 words to the secretary of the society, defending yourself. The usual prizes are offered.

Report by J. C. B. Date

Bosun began: "My Poor Fool! Resign? Like Hell! Expulsion be damned! Don't be more idiotic than you can help!" and continued in similar vein. I cannot believe, however, that he would ever have joined such a society at all, and most competitors argued with more restraint. The most popular defences were: firstly, that the competitions are entered for mental exercise rather than profit or glory: secondly, that success is so rare that they induce not megalomania, but humility. M. Francelli put this latter point well: "It is immoral to enter a competition to win: but to enter in order to humiliate oneself—in order to lose—is one of the last asceticisms remaining to our impious age." One point, put most forcibly by C. F. Rathbone, was that there is no real difference between the normal submission of literary contributions and entry for these competitions.

Some culprits tried to wriggle out by promising their prize-money

to the society, while others launched a counter-attack, alleging that the secretary was himself a secret competitor, or pointing out that he owed his office to a competitive election. M.O.D.H. declared that his accuser himself had infringed the rules by reading the NEW STATESMAN, since "in 1938, the *N.S. and N.*, along with the *Voelkischer Beobachter* and the *Vie Parisienne*, was banned to members, it being held that these papers aroused diverse competitive passions." Several entrants, assuming that the society was a Socialist one, emphasised the distinction between, to quote Cyan, "the chaotic working and the pernicious effects of uncontrolled competition in our economic system" and "regulated competition which stimulates enterprise, imagination, and constructive skill without entailing injustice or hardship for anyone."

Competitors took the opportunity of speaking out on the subject of these competitions in general. Many were laudatory both of competitions and competitors ("a stalwart and gallant band of thinking individuals"—Faddist); others were not. A number echoed Johnny Dog's remark: "What competition is it when no one ever wins a prize but Allan M. Laing?" This week Mr. Laing defended himself in verse:

It's simply comic
confusing something economic
(about which you and I
see eye to eye)
with a harmless leisure
pleasure:
an amiable exercise
involving the faint prospect of a nominal prize!

Charles Furbank also sent an excellent entry in verse, Alan R. Thomas was original. He needs beer-money for a holiday in Denmark. "This is not a greedy self-indulgence, for most of the profits on Danish beer go to founding art museums, technical schools and hospitals." Bird's Custard wrote as the culprit's wife, pointing out that week-end competitions are a much less harmful occupation than week-end golf.

My last four were C. F. Rathbone, I. Drazin, A. E. Leeding and Ellen Evans. I recommend for First Prize A. E. Leeding (whose entry was actually typed on a grocery bag) and for Second, Ellen Evans.

FIRST PRIZE

SIR,—Membership of the Association for the Suppression of Competition has meant for me the loss of a very lucrative position as a canned pea salesman (due incidentally to the amalgamation of my late firm with its keenest rival—a step with which on principle I could not help but agree). It has further meant that I have refused to appear at interviews for other well paid posts, as I feared that my attendance was never intended to be *à seul*. In fact it is entirely due to my high sense of duty that I am reduced to the use of last week's grocery bag as the raw material for my defence. These remarks are made not from any spirit of pride (that most execrable of sins), but rather from my desire to show that my fidelity to our principles has been loyal and constant.

Imagine, then, my horror on receiving your circular XPL—of which I see that 2,000 were printed only last month—containing the threat of expulsion. I cannot of course agree with your remarks regarding the so-called competition in the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION. Never before have I entered these particular lists, and I did so on this occasion only because I regard the result as what our American friends (and, alas, competitors) would call a cinch.

In short, sir, there is no competition entailed in this little venture of mine, any more than—according to the highest authorities—there is war in China or peace between Britain and other European Powers. In the light of this revelation of philosophical truth I must ask you to consider the advisability of retaining my membership, and I have so little doubt that you will agree that I subscribe myself,

Your colleague in the Cause,
A. E. LEEDING (Number 2002).

SECOND PRIZE

To the Secretary.
Dear Non-Competitor,

I was unpleasantly surprised to receive your letter informing me of the vote of censure passed at the last meeting of the Non-Competitive Society. I was unable to attend, as I explained in my apology for absence, because I was engaged in composing epitaphs for Queen Anne, Humpty Dumpty, Critic, Bishop Heber and J. C. B. Date, the completed work constituting an entry for the current Week-end Competition in the NEW STATESMAN.

Now I did not think it necessary at the time to enter into further explanations, as I (foolishly) believed that my fellow-members had faith in my moral integrity. However, I will attempt to clarify the position.

I have always urged the need for greater publicity for the tenets of our Society. But mere words do not impress the public, unless accompanied by some practical gesture. I have therefore regularly entered for the NEW STATESMAN'S competitions, with the intention of returning any award made to me, with a covering letter for publication, stating my reasons for so doing. Such a financial sacrifice should have good publicity value.

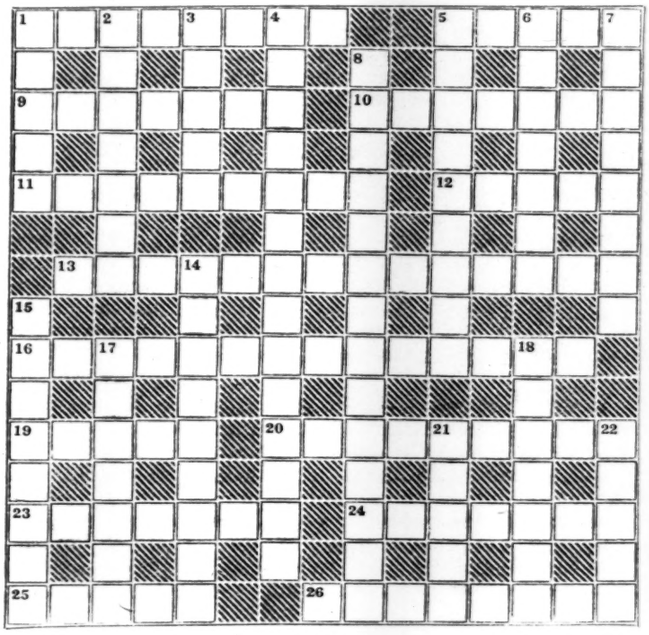
The fact that I have not yet been successful in gaining an award does not alter my determination to proceed with my plan.

May I suggest that you forward a selection of the Society's pamphlets to Allan M. Laing?

Yours faithfully,
ELLEN EVANS

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 491

Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later that first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
N. K. Stephen, 42 Eton Avenue, N.W.3

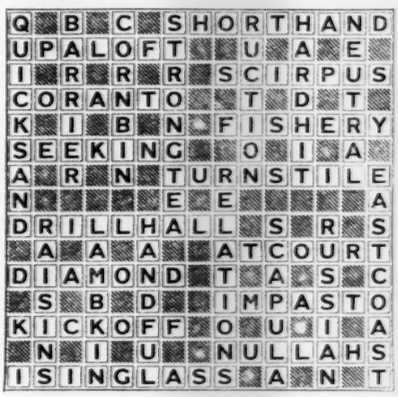
ACROSS.

1. They should always oblige. (8)
5. A good noise which is nourishing. (5)
9. Real cat in Heaven. (7)
10. A barrack of a place, no doubt, in the field. (7)
11. What the guard at the Bank of England Keeps? (9)
12. XL. (5)
13. Sensational result of a limb becoming the reverse of number. (14)
16. Courtly topping (14)
19. Place for meals (5)
20. This might be Esso's line. (9)
23. Pertaining to husbandry. (7)
24. I took tea with her. (7)
25. Poem written in Nova Scotia — with knobs on. (5)
26. The side the milestones are. (8)

DOWN——

1 (rev.). Ancient physic-ist. (5)
2. The taxi upset half Illinois. (7)
3 (rev.). A bad thing is better than this. (5)
4. Purchase for a turnover with a car. (14).
5. Able to vie with others no doubt. (9)
6. Hail, etc., has a moral value. (7)
7. How Naomi tried to return. (8)
8. Are these the midwife's terms? (14)
14. Sailor fellows as fellow sailors. (9)
15. Was the centaur the perfect one? (8)
17. Colour of the door-keeper? (7)
18. Subject of lover's woeful verse. (7)
21. 10 omers. (5)
22. Not straight under the trees. (5).

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD



THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By DIVES

LONDON AND WALL STREET — HOME RAILS—N.Z. LOAN — AIRCRAFT PROFITS.

THE behaviour of the stock markets this week has done little to engender a cheerful holiday mood among investors. The weakness of gilt-edged stocks, with War Loan sold down to 91¼, may be due in part to switches into equities; but I prefer to regard it as a reflection of fears that the holiday months may not be holidays in Berchtesgaden. Home rails have suffered from talk of labour unrest, and industrials have failed to hold last week's improvement despite the fall in unemployment. The June rise in beer consumption, coupled with a moderate advance in Watney Combe earnings, led to a little activity in brewery shares; but the cut in the Guinness distribution from 29 to 26 per cent. came as an unwelcome surprise and revived fears that brewing costs may be rising. The one really firm section of the market has been rubber. The statistical position of the commodity is becoming good; and, on a long view, shares in low-cost estates look "right" as a lock-up. But the rubber market is uncomfortably narrow in a crisis.

* * *

Wall Street, after several days of hesitancy, took a turn for the better on Wednesday—the defeat of the Spending-Lending Bill in Congress being regarded as a bull point. I find it difficult to follow the market's reasoning. The growing revolt against New Deal finance possibly improves the outlook for privately-owned utilities—a group whose Dow Jones index, at 27.10, has established a new "high" for the year—but the curtailment of "pump-priming" expenditure will tend to accentuate the present sluggishness in manufacturing industry. Signs of a revival of private capital investment on an adequate scale are still lacking.

* * *

The railway interim dividends have produced no surprises. L.M.S. 4 per cent. First Preference receives its full 2 per cent., but once again there is no interim distribution on the 1923 Preference. Last year's interim dividend of 1 per cent. on Southern Preferred is repeated; and the L.N.E.R., after paying its First and Second Guaranteed dividends in full, again postpones consideration of the Preference dividends until the end of the year. The G.W.R. directors pursue the same course with regard to their Ordinary stock. The experience, however, of the four groups, as evidenced by their earnings announcements, appears to have varied considerably. Here are the relevant figures :—

	Thousands £s.		
	Expenditure.	Receipts	Net Gain
L.M.S.	−612	+ 25	+637
L.N.E.R.	−734	+125	+859
G.W.R.	+ 60	+456	+383†
S.R.	+137	+ 92*	+ 17

* Railway receipts only. † After adjustment.

The most remarkable feature revealed is that the "heavy" lines have retained most of the savings effected in the second half of 1938, whereas rising traffics on the G.W.R. and Southern systems have been reflected quickly in higher costs—due, possibly, in the S.R.'s case to power station coal contracts.

* * *

What of the prospects for 1939 as a whole? Costs are being kept down fairly well, and ancillaries are evidently prospering. On the other hand, the 45*s.* minimum granted last week to men in the conciliation grades will cost the four lines about £100,000 a year, while—apart from any tendency of coal and other prices to rise—there is bound to be considerable A.R.P. expenditure to be brought into the accounts. As for future traffic receipts, a reasonable estimate is that gross takings in the second half-year will show an average weekly improvement of £85,000, L.M.S.; £65,000, L.N.E.R.; £50,000, G.W.R.; and £10,000, Southern. On the assumption that approximately half of these increases are carried into net receipts, the position and prospects of the marginal stocks can be presented thus :—

	Present Price	Estimated Div. %	Gross Yield %
London and North Eastern 4% 1st Pref.	33½	3½	£9 14 0
London Midland and Scottish 4% (1923) Preference	39½	4	10 2 6
Great Western Ordinary	30	2½	8 6 9
Southern Preferred	63xd	4½	7 2 9

If this estimate is near the mark, there is scope for appreciation in both the L.M.S. and L.N.E.R. stocks. It should, however, be borne in mind that the last has not been heard of the railwaymen's demand for a 50*s.* minimum wage.

* * *

Mr. Nash has got his refunding; but, as this journal predicted, he has had to sign on Mr. Norman's dotted line. The conversion issue is really a scheme for liquidating the 3½ per cent., 1940 New Zealand loan by instalments. Holders of the old stock are invited to convert at par into stock bearing the same rate of interest and redeemable by drawings between 1940 and 1945. The amounts to be amortised (by half-yearly instalments) will be £2,000,000 in 1940, and £3,500,000 in each of the four succeeding years. Holders who convert are entitled to an immediate cash bonus of £1 per cent., and the issue price of the new stock to cash subscribers is 99, so that, if the effective life of the loan be taken as about 2¾ years, the average redemption yield is about 3¾ per cent.—a fairly stiff price for a Dominion "short." More serious, however, from New Zealand's standpoint is the severity of the sinking fund requirements. Unless there is a marked improvement in the export price of her primary products, the Dominion must enforce import restrictions sufficiently drastic to save at least £10 millions sterling in 1940. It will be difficult to do this without sacrificing some of the Government's social programme.

* * *

Holders of aircraft shares will find difficulty in deciding what to make of the new McLintock Agreement which lays down the basis for fixing prices of airframes and aero engines ordered by the Government since March. Profit margins on turnover will clearly be scaled down by something like 2 per cent.; the manufacturers will have to shoulder a much greater risk of having to carry costs in excess of estimate; and the "target cost" system is to be so applied that very little will accrue to the companies if savings in production costs are realised. On the face of it, aircraft firms are not going to be allowed to make a "killing"; for A.P.D. will take a big slice of such profits as slip through the McLintock net. On the other hand, the increase in current turnover is immense, and there are such things as sub-contracts. The task of forecasting this year's net earnings of Bristol or Fairey is beyond me.

Think of a number

Think of Player's No. 3 when you're wanting a cigarette of delightful mellowness and excellent flavour — superb in quality and with that distinguished fragrance which critical smokers demand.

PLAYER'S NUMBER 3

PLAIN OR CORK-TIPPED

20 · 1/5d.
50 · 3/5½d.

3.P.3

APPOINTMENTS VACANT & WANTED

METROPOLITAN BOROUGH OF BETHNAL GREEN.

JUNIOR LIBRARY ASSISTANT (FEMALE).

The Council invites applications for the appointment of a Junior Library Assistant (female) in Grade "A," at a salary of £75 or £90 per annum (according to age), rising by annual increments of £15 to a maximum salary of £300 per annum.

Candidates must be not less than 16 nor more than 17 years of age and have passed the General Schools Examination or its equivalent.

The appointment is subject to the Council's Superannuation Acts and Bye-laws and Standing Orders, and the successful candidate must pass a medical examination.

Applications, on forms which will be sent by me on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope, must reach me at the Town Hall, Bethnal Green, E.2, by 10 a.m. on the 25th August, 1939.

Canvassing will disqualify.

DAVID J. KEEP,
Town Clerk.

DOMESTIC help wanted, not over 45; cooking, some knowledge nursing essential; intelligence appreciated; family two. Box 5691.

LADY, not over 35, wanted for Berlin, take charge boy 9. Comfortable home. Box 5802.

OLD ETONIAN (32) seeks literary, linguistic or secretarial post. French Diploma, Spanish. Translations. Proofs corrected. Ladbroke 1704 or Box 5830.

YOUNG WOMAN (23), B.A. Hons. Psychology, just spent 7 months as private secretary, wants intelligent non-commercial job, preferably connected education, literature, countryside preservation, but anything interesting welcomed. Box 5816.

TYPEWRITING, TRANSLATIONS, &c.

DUPLICATING (Testimonials, Reports, etc.)
TYPEWRITING (Theses, Plays, etc.)
SHORTHAND—Verbatim or condensed reporting
METROPOLITAN TYPEWRITING AND REPORTING OFFICES,
75 Chancery Lane, W.C.2.
Tel.: Holborn 6182.

DUPLICATING and TYPEWRITING, etc. Authors' MSS., Novels, Plays, Schedules, etc. All work guaranteed proof-read and checked. PROMPT SECRETARIAL SERVICES, LIMITED, 7 Prince St., Hanover Sq., W.1. (Mayfair 3163–4).

LITERARY

"WHO backs the new 'People's Party'?" "Dissolution of 2nd International: Inside Story and Documents"; "Mosley's changing following." All in August LEFT FORUM, 3½d. from Manager, 35 St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.

WRITE FOR PROFIT. Send for free booklet. REGENT INSTITUTE (Dept. 191A), Palace Gate, W.8.

YOUR SURPLUS REVIEW COPIES, AND ANY OTHER BOOKS BOUGHT FOR CASH, LOEB CLASSICS WANTED. L. SIMMONDS, 184 FLEET STREET, E.C.4. (Holborn 5440.)

REVIEW COPIES wanted. Collected or postage paid. We offer 4s. 6d. each for Loeb Classics if complete. J. Clarke Hall Ltd., 146 Fleet St., E.C.4. Cen. 4116.

ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA for sale, 14th Edition, 24 volumes in red library buckram, nearly new. Box 5805.

MISCELLANEOUS

HAVE your favourite suit copied exactly in a "John Peel" Cumberland Tweed, £4 17s. 6d. Fit guaranteed or money refunded. Patterns and particulars post free. REDMAYNE, LTD., 10 Wigton, Cumberland.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Rates, and all information on page 225

CLEAR THAT COLD WITH VAPEX

A dusty, germ-laden atmosphere or a chilly evening can easily cause a Summer cold—dangerous because it destroys the vitality you should be building up for the coming winter. Get rid of it quickly with Vapex. Breathe the pleasant vapour which penetrates to the innermost passages of nose and throat, easing the breathing, relieving any headache or stuffiness and killing the germs before they become dangerous. Vapex is perfectly safe for children.

From your Chemist 2/- & 3/-

V1344 THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.

ACCOMMODATION
To Let and Wanted

YORK HOUSE, 30 Sandwich Street, W.C.1. Residential club for professional women. Every modern convenience. Many rooms with own bathrooms. Charges, £2 5s.–£2 10s. Partial board. Opening September. Apply, the Secretary.

HAMPSTEAD HEATH. Divan bed-sitting rooms, h. and c., central heating, breakfast, use kitchen and dining room, quiet, from 23s. 6d. HAM. 3288. Write 21 Pond Street, N.W.3.

HYDE PARK. 82 Sussex Gardens, W.2. Ambassador 2941. H. and c. basins. 5s. 6d. nightly with breakfast, from 23s. 6d. weekly.

FURNISHED Rooms to let, left household, no restrictions. FLA 9970. Evenings Sloane 3842.

FREE HOUSEHOLD, no restrictions, Chelsea. Bed-sitters. £1-27/6. FLAxman 9970 or SLOane 3842.

MODERN Service Rooms with baths, breakfast 6s. 6d. per night; from 27s. 6d. per week. FLAX 1181. 29 West Cromwell Road, S.W.5.

UNFURNISHED. W.C.1. Large, inexpensive, attractive room. John Street. Write Box 5806.

BLOOMSBURY. Anglo-American couple run guest house. Moderate terms. Mr. & Mrs. Crafton Harris, 15 Gordon Street, W.C.1. EUSton 4064.

OAKLEY COURT 29 Oakley Street, Chelsea. FLAxman 9864. Well-furnished modern divan rooms, h. and c. ample bathrooms; 25s. and 32s. 6d., including breakfast.

ETON AVENUE (Swiss Cottage End). International friendship, good food, hot baths, individual liberty sacred. Single, 2 *gns.*, double from 35s., each full board. Ring Primrose 6466.

BELSIZE PARK. Attractive bed-sitting rooms. Good food; reasonable prices. Apply in evening. SHIPHAM, 44 Glenloch Road, N.W.3.

CHISWICK. Tenant leaving after three years recommends furnished rooms in charming old-world private house. Service, garden, mooring rights, near tennis, golf. Chiswick 0160.

GENTLEMAN wants unfurnished room, service, some meals, Notting Hill, Bloomsbury, Regent's Park. Dinginess barred. Box 5818.

HOUSES, FLATS, PROPERTY, Etc.
For Sale, To Let and Wanted

FOWEY, Cornwall. Facing harbour. Furnished 10-roomed detached house in own grounds. H. & C. lav. To let August to October or shorter. Box 5749.

LONDON FURNISHED COTTAGE (Purley). Accommodate two. Modern conveniences. Quiet district. Garden. Write: SWALE, 28 Border Road, Sydenham, S.E.26.

BUNGALOW. Wellcombe, near Bude. Till August 26th. 6 people. 3½ *gns.* Langford, 33 Sutton Court Road, Chiswick, W.4, or 'phone Chiswick 2465.

COTTAGE and orchard, lonely, Dorset, £325 Freehold. H. & c. 4 rooms. APPELBE, 7 New Square, W.C.2.

MRS. J. B. PRIESTLEY wishes to let very quiet house, Isle of Wight, October to Christmas, at caretaking rent to careful tenants. Billingham Manor, Chillerton, I.O.W.

COUNTRY cottage, residential part of Hampshire, 2 living rooms, 3 bedrooms, bath, 2 w.c.'s. Central heating part of house. Gas lighting, on main water. Small flower and vegetable garden. 7 acre field. Box 5809.

HOVE. Well-furnished maisonette, 3/4 bedrooms, 2 reception, kitchen, etc., or well-furnished service flat. Reasonable rents. GRANT, 10 Salisbury Road.

A MODERN FLAT IN THE COUNTRY makes the best of both worlds. Park House, Welwyn, has self-contained all-electric flats with every modern convenience, including a Sports Club, restaurant, and the finest departmental Store in Herts. From £55 p.a.—£150 p.a. inclusive of rates and electricity hiring charges. Half an hour from King's Cross, in the centre of the most interesting town in England. 'Phone for particulars or write to N. S. WILLIAMS, the Estate Office, Welwyn Garden City. Welwyn Garden 3456.

HIGHBURY. Two-, three- and four-roomed Flats, kitchen, bathroom; from £91 per annum. Lifts, central heating, hot water, modern building. CYRIL LEONARD & Co., Angel House, Angel, N.1. Terminus 2413.

WEST END (few minutes). Two rooms, kitchen and bathroom Flats; lift, carpeted corridors, modern building. Resident Caretaker. From 30s. per week. CYRIL LEONARD & Co., Angel House, Angel, N.1 Terminus 2413.

CITY (near). Modern building, 2/3-roomed Flats, kitchen, bathroom; from 27s. 6d. per week. CYRIL LEONARD & Co., Angel House, Angel, N.1. Terminus 2413.

STUDIO gallery, bath, e.l., own w.c. Modern design. Part furnished. Eus. 2952. GLASS, 4 Albert Street, N.W.1.

CHELSEA—best position. Upper part to let in private house, September. Three to four rooms, moderate rent. Constant hot water. Box 5795.

REGENT'S PARK. Suite of two well furnished rooms to let in large modern flat. Separate entrance, h.c.w. One person only. 35s. p.w. Tel. Gulliver 2575.

NEAR Hampstead Heath. Four rooms with own kitchen and bathroom. Newly decorated. Quiet house. Box 5819.

FLAT wanted, Bloomsbury; September. Moderate rent. Three rooms. Box 5817.

GROUP ACCOMMODATION

LECTURE room (seating 80) available for social meetings, lectures, pupils' concerts, etc. For terms, apply SECRETARY, 34 Nottingham Place, W.1.

FURNISHING

CYPRUS CARPETS AND RUGS are unique in texture and colour, handwoven and inexpensive. Send for samples to sole importer: GERALD HOLTOM, 259B Tottenham Court Road, W.1. MUS. 5119.

HOLIDAYS. Maps and guide books, and all the cheap and handy editions for holiday reading.

GARDENS. An Exhibition of garden literature through five centuries, with old herbals and modern gardening books.

J. & E. BUMPUS LTD.
BOOKSELLERS SINCE 1790.
477 OXFORD ST., W.1

'MINICAMERAS'

All makes—on the easiest of monthly payments or for cash. Leica, Zeiss-Contax, Rolleiflex, Kine Exakta, Korelle, etc., from 10/7 a month. All Leica and other accessories in stock. Illustrated catalogue free. Miniature films processed by experts—best results guaranteed. Most generous exchange allowances. The finest book on Photography ever published "Minitography and Cinetography"—1/- post free.

W.1
WALLACE HEATON New Bond St.
AND BRANCHES